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SEPTEMBER.

# THE MONTH

AND

*CATHOLIC REVIEW.*



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## *Catholic Efforts in Italy.*

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NO more hopeful sign of better times could there be than the late Congress held, by the various Catholic societies of Italy, in the historic city of Venice. To go back upon the past, and to study how a country, the very centre of Christendom, the home and throne of the Papacy, has become externally one of the powers hostile to the Church, would be an instructive, though a painful study. But an historical and religious question, which is so manifold and so complex in its solution, is beyond our present subject. We accept the fact that a Constitutional Government of a once Catholic country is now anti-Catholic. But, confident that the population, however rapidly a part of it may be losing its ancient faith, is still Catholic in an overwhelming majority, we look forward eagerly to the day when, as we hope, that land, watered, as Pius the Ninth has said, by the blood of so many saints, will once again assert publicly its profession, and practical profession, of the Catholic faith.

In 1847, the Revolution rose to power to the cry of "Long live Pius the Ninth;" and the irritation caused by the Josephist principles of Austrian domination armed many a Catholic against the foreigner. The disenchantment which the murder of Rossi, the rule of Mazzini, and the horrors of the Roman Republic produced, forced even the Catholics who had hoped for better days, to look to foreign arms as the sole safeguard against social and irreligious insurrection. Piedmont, under Cavour, with England's full patronage—a patronage the remembrance of which ought to cover us with shame, not because it was disgraceful to sympathize, however mistakenly, with the aspirations of a party in Italy, but because of the treachery, bad faith, and mendacity, of which the accredited representatives of the English crown were guilty towards sovereigns and governments to whom we professed friendship while we were plotting against their very existence—became a rallying-point for all the mischievous elements of the peninsula; the rude, heterogeneous little kingdom adopted the language of Italy in

1848, and made "national" and "Italian" the synonyms for revolution and persecution of the Church. The uncertain character of Napoleon's intervention only heightened the hopes of the anti-Christian sect, and depressed those who dared to remain good Catholics, and did not care to exchange the sway of Austria for the protection of one whose earliest act in public life had been to take up arms against the temporal power, and against the Sovereign Pontiff, his benefactor and protector.

When, in 1859, Napoleon half removed the mask, and struck the first blow at Conservative Europe, it found the Catholics discouraged and scared in presence of secret and well-disciplined societies, whose means of corruption were great, and whose very secrecy made them the more terrible. The Catholic world was surprised to see province after province annexed by solemn vote to Piedmont, with scarcely any resistance. We know more about the ways and means of those annexations now-a-days, and that they were brought about far more by paid treason from within than by violence from without. But the impression was not the less deplorable; it looked like a general apostacy. Until the vigorous mind of Mgr. Merode raised the flag of the Papal Zouaves, no one seemed to dare to lift an arm or to say a word in the good cause. From that time an evident reaction set in. The Revolution has come, and men have counted the cost. Its promises of a free Church in a free State have been tried by experience. Piedmontese Constitutionalism had lost for itself all respect, when, in 1857, the so-called clerical electors were disfranchised, by the wholesale expulsion, at the vote of the Chambers, of the deputies whom they had elected. The seizure of Rome has simply rendered it impossible for a Catholic to take his place in the Parliament. We cannot forecast the catastrophe which is to put an end to the present state of affairs, though it requires no prophet to see the writing on the wall. We ought rather to look for a return of better days by the work of Italians themselves. And it is one good result of the utter abandonment of the interests of the Church in Italy by every power in Europe, that the Catholics now see that salvation must come from themselves alone. But we must remember that though they have the advantage of numbers, an advantage which we in England do not possess, they have to contend with an utterly unscrupulous Government, supported, if it needs support, by the cold-blooded passion of Bismarck

who is bent on having his system of State-tyranny established throughout Italy. Accustomed to protection, unaccustomed to, and disliking, the noise and tumult of political contests, the Italian Catholics have not, like ourselves, learned their own strength, or the power which organization would give to them. They remembered, too, the fusillades of Naples, and the "*domicilio coatto*" of recent years, the long imprisonments of their bishops, and the unjust sentences of civil tribunals. We must take all this into account when we judge this their attempt, however small, to marshal their forces, and come out into the plain with sling and stone to fight for God and His Church.

And what we should remember also is that, whatever the Congress may achieve, the mere fact of calling it together proves a great change in Italian Catholics. It may even be said to reproach us Catholics of England, who with no political perils to fear, with wants as pressing as those of Italy, are as yet so far behind our Catholic brethren that hardly a voice has been raised for a Congress amongst us, the most successful incentive as we believe it would prove to our various and scattered forces, which, with plenty of goodwill and self-sacrifice, only want some such stimulus to make them unite their strength, and use it. The Catholic Union, a work of great good, seems already to furnish the sort of nucleus around which such a meeting should gather.

But we return to the meeting at Venice, the special details of whose sittings were given in our last issue. The resolutions adopted lay before us a complete idea of its scope and aims; and, incidentally, they throw great light on the present situation of Catholicity in Italy, the views of its chief men, and the means taken to strengthen or re-conquer its ascendancy. As was said in our last number, the sections of the Congress were five in number. We shall deal with them in succession.

The first section treated of religious works. It earnestly recommended the spreading of the various confraternities already in existence, the Sodality of our Lady for all ages and conditions of life, the Children of Mary as suited especially for children of the upper classes, and the Congregation of Christian Mothers. The members named also the Confraternity of the Holy Family and the *Ceuvre* of St. Francis of Sales. They called upon persons living in towns where the Fathers of the Oratory still maintain their houses—religious orders being already banished—to inscribe their names on the books of

the little Oratory, and, where the fathers did not exist, to obtain, with the Ordinary's help and direction, the establishment of similar institutions under the guidance of some good priests. Means were suggested to make the Society for Pilgrimages to the Holy Land, which has its offices in Florence, better known, and Catholics were invited to organize pilgrimages to the various shrines in their neighbourhood. The collection of Peter's Pence, and the associations which are devoted to this purpose, were strongly encouraged. Very special point was made of this great modern duty of Catholics. Two wants, which, thank God, are not pressing upon us in England, called also for earnest efforts, the one to prevent the profanation of the Sundays and holidays, the other to rescue the young clerics and priests from the conscription. Preparatory schools for boys likely to be able to serve God in the sacred ministry were another great want in days when the public schools are irreligious lyceums, and where vocations are growing so rare.

To promote the external splendour of worship, people of every class were urged to be present at the solemnities in their parish churches, and to take part in the public processions, and help to found confraternities to assist in the services. A work begun, but, we fear, not flourishing, amongst ourselves, was also strongly recommended—a Ladies' Altar Society for poor churches, called in Italy by the expressive name of the Work of the Tabernacles. In conclusion, the Committee hoped that in every centre of population a Catholic Association would be founded, adapted to the circumstances of the place. Thus they proposed that in every town possessing a middle school for boys, a club should be specially instituted for Catholic youths, to give them a rallying point, where they could mutually strengthen their faith, and that associations should everywhere be started for men and women of the working classes, who would teach, by their example, the faithful observance of the laws of the Church, discourage bad literature, and endeavour to rescue their fellows from irreligious associations.

It is perhaps a sign of the times which may cause some surprise to English readers, that a special recommendation should have been made on the subject of pilgrimages, not only to the many famous shrines of Italy, but also to the Holy Land. To our mind there are few more speaking signs of a

revival of faith in its ancient simplicity and fervour, nor is it easy to point to any one matter as to which irreligious governments and infidel newspapers have shown their true spirit with less of disguise than in their hostility to the manifestation of Christian devotion by means of pilgrimages. It is a great consolation to see that pilgrimages are likely to become more usual among ourselves, private and individual devotion leading naturally to the organization of expeditions in which large numbers can take part. Let us hope that some way may be found in which the many desecrated shrines of England may receive honour from the descendants and inheritors of the faith of the multitudes by which, in older days, they were honoured and decorated, and that English devotion may again make itself known at the still holier places connected with the Life and Passion of our Blessed Lord.

The next section on charitable works is, if anything, still more interesting and instructive. The founding of children's hospitals and cottage hospitals was recommended, and it was urged that where separate hospitals cannot be had, every endeavour be made to separate the children's ward from that of the adults. The section hoped that the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, "the providential work of this century," would be founded in every commune, and that the two congregations of the Sisters of St. Vincent and of the Sisters of Mercy should spread and take root, as they have done in France and Belgium. Catholics were urged to support all existing associations of beneficence which were conducted on really religious principles. Industrial institutions for agricultural work were specially recommended, as well as the work of watching the sick by night, founded at Genoa, and the Servant Girls' Refuges of St. Zita which exist at Rome, Lucca—the shrine of their patroness—Genoa, and elsewhere. The difficulty of the street Arab is evidently not confined to our own large towns, and the work of the Patronage of poor boys has been founded for their benefit at Venice. The boys are assembled on week-day evenings, and on the mornings of Sundays and holidays religious instruction is given to them, and all sorts of amusements are held out as an attraction to them. The Congress hoped that like institutes would be founded in various towns, and their usefulness increased by adding to them middle, night, and Sunday schools, circulating libraries, and savings banks.

The conscription and the organized distribution of irreligious and immoral books have done much to ruin the simple piety of those thousands of villages in Italy, which wandering artists or Continental tourists had not before helped to degrade. The grievous oppression of the taxes, and the natural gravitation into towns, is evidently drawing off the country population from the country; and a very good rider to these resolutions of the third section recommends the landed proprietors to look carefully to the conduct of their agents and to the interests of their tenants, and expresses a hope that the heirs to large properties would be brought up to know and sympathize with the peasant population living on their estates.

The entire control of charitable endowments has been practically confiscated; and though the outcry against such a measure has hitherto prevented the Italian Government from throwing them, like the Church property, into the Curtian gulf of their ruined finances, by their forced exchange into Government bonds, they are administered by Committees—so called—of charity. The Congress proposed that Catholics should, subject to ecclesiastical approval, seek election to these boards, or, where election is impossible, use every effort to prevent the malversation, waste, or dilapidation of such funds.

The third section dealt with the engrossing topic of education. Though the measure of obligatory and godless education in the Italian Chambers was defeated, very much is to be done, and freedom of education, though not altogether extinct, has to struggle with grave difficulties. The subject of infant schools, Sunday schools, primary and middle schools, and higher studies, were all carefully gone into.

Both infant schools and Sunday schools are now made instruments of attack against the faith, and where they have become so, there is nothing for it but to found Catholic schools. The character of primary education under the present law, the work of the Radicals, depends entirely on each municipality, and the Congress has called on Catholics in consequence to vote at their elections. For reasons which we do not know, they abstained from the late elections at Rome, where, out of fourteen thousand five hundred, only four thousand electors could be got together, of whom three thousand are described as Government officials. Of course a Government or Moderate (?) party was returned. At Frascati the Catholics voted, and nearly the whole of their nominees being returned, the mayor was forced



to resign. At Naples, with all its immense population, the Revolutionists, Radicals, and Government supporters together, were three thousand eight hundred against about two thousand three hundred Catholics. Certainly these two thousand three hundred do not represent the *bonâ fide* Catholic electors, and we must attribute their defeat there, as elsewhere, to the non-acceptance of the Congress' proposal, and the practical abstention of Catholics from the poll.

There are many towns where the municipality enforces irreligious teaching in the National schools, and here, as the Catholics of England did in years gone by, and as they are forced to do in so many places still, the only remedy is to build and support separate schools, and place them under Episcopal authority.

Then came the question of education for the higher classes. Formerly the diocesan seminaries, or the colleges maintained by the religious orders, gave abundant means of Catholic education. Now even many seminaries are closed to lay boys. Here again the want is to be supplied by the foundation of Catholic schools. A not less pressing question, and one of peculiar interest to us at this moment, is how to place the higher studies on a firm religious basis. Italy is full of universities. One by one they have passed into the enemy's hands, and a stray Catholic professor here and there is all that reminds us that they once were the chairs of truth. Only the other day we had a practical illustration of how great is the difficulty to maintain a university in the teeth of State opposition, when a number of students of the Catholic university of Rome applied at the Sapienza, now the Government university, for the degrees which they could not obtain from an unauthorized, unrecognized foundation. The Congress evidently hopes that the claims of liberty of education will be listened to. In any case it proposes to meet the crying want of Christian education at once by a temporary expedient, establishing various colleges for special branches, one, for example, for law, another for mathematics, or for any other branch, in various cities of the peninsula. Meanwhile a committee was named to prepare the project for a Catholic university to be laid before the next Congress.

But while making their plans for the future, practical suggestions were offered to protect Catholic youths, as far as possible, from the deleterious effects of modern university education. Father Bresciani, the author of the *Ebreo di Verona*, told the

writer that King Charles Albert had assured him that he knew that wherever the Jesuits had a college, there the sect placed a secret society to entrap the young men who frequented the schools. So it was proposed to have *Catholic Academie* in the principal cities, where the youth could meet together, and learn a courageous defence of their faith against the attacks of infidelity. Another apparently less feasible suggestion was to establish committees of persons of standing and influence who could aid the relatives of the students in protecting them from the various dangers by which these youths are surrounded. Another and a helpless class, the blind and the deaf mutes, are exposed to fearful peril, as the State threatens to withdraw from them the religious education they now receive at the hands of the clergy; and resolutions were passed to protect them from such injustice. The unbridled license and irreligion of the stage, coupled with the fact that it has long been an almost necessary part of an Italian's amusement, made the section of Education propose to elevate and purify it by establishing an annual prize to be offered for the best dramatic work which combined the greatest literary merit with freedom from offences against religion or morals. It even went so far as to propose that endeavours should be made to open theatres in the chief cities of Italy, where everything that could offend the moral sense would be rigidly excluded. The criminal follies of the last carnival at Rome give us some idea of the depth to which theatrical representations have descended since the Revolution. We are struck with the courage and liberality of many of these recommendations, which not only require large sacrifices of time and money on the part of Catholic laymen, but also involve the adoption of many works which seem to be under purely neutral management—if there be such a thing as pure neutrality anywhere—and even the entrance of Catholics on boards instituted by the present profligate rulers of Italy, whose creatures may be supposed to be no better than their patrons in their greediness to enrich themselves at the expense of charitable and religious institutions, and to favour to the utmost the war carried on all over the peninsula against religion and morality. The considerable influence of the municipalities in Italy gives some hope that things may not take a course so altogether ruinous in this respect as might be the case if the management of charitable funds were more directly under the control of the Ministry or



the Parliament, into neither of which can any Catholic possibly enter. But the time may still be at hand when the robbers now in power will pluck up courage to appropriate even what remains of the funds of charitable institutions, and the Italian Catholics cannot prepare themselves better for this final act of spoliation than by the exertions recommended by the section of the Congress from which we now pass on.

The fourth section handled questions relating to the most important organ for good and for evil in this century. The activity of the press, with the facility for conveying news, and the extension of instruction, are all so many weapons turned against the Church. Just as the Catholic press, by no means as well supported as it ought to be, has in England to contend with the giants of public opinion, who come out daily with their broadsheets, their special telegrams, and special correspondence, so in Italy the Catholic papers, treated with shameful tyranny, suppressed, confiscated again and again by an insolent Government, have to hold their own against a swarm of daily papers whose editors are paid richly both by the Government and the municipal bodies. Sometimes when we meet with such quotations as one in the respectable and religious *Guardian*,<sup>1</sup> from a Cologne paper, accusing the religious women of Posen with promoting prostitution by under-paying the poor girls who labour for the enriching of their convents, we begin to doubt whether, after all, the Italian papers could go lower than our own in calumny against the Church. In any case, just as the *Church Times* and the *Rock*, the *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Saturday Review*, join their voices in a chorus against the Church, so radical, republican, royal, and courtier papers alike forget their party quarrels to cover the Catholic party and Catholic cause with contempt and outrage. Immense sums are spent, and have long been spent, by English Protestant societies to deluge Italy with controversial tracts, and they have fallen among a people utterly unskilled in polemics, and liable, as were our poor forefathers at the time of the Reformation, to be led away by any ridiculous misrepresentations in a way we cannot conceive, hardened as we here are against such clumsy modes of attack. The Congress in Italy, as in France and Belgium, recognized the necessity of making every effort, for the glory of God and the good of souls, to support and foster Catholic publications, by Committees in

<sup>1</sup> See July 29th, 1874.

every diocese, by printing establishments in every province. This portion of the Report is so interesting that it deserves to be cited *verbatim*.

I. The Congress impresses on the various committees the necessity (1.) Of endeavouring with all possible diligence to organize a great association, whose members would engage to aid in the diffusion of good papers and publications, and in the discouragement of un-Christian publications. (2.) Of circulating Catholic papers in public places, especially in the streets, in kiosks, in the railway stations, cafés, &c. (3.) Of pushing forward the publication, and diffusion, if possible, gratuitously, in every diocese or group of dioceses of a *Settimana Religiosa*, like those already published, containing all that is useful, especially for the working and labouring populations. (4.) As regards non-periodical literature, it is suggested to give special attention to works on religious or historical points, or moral and domestic stories, or translations of similar books which have met with success abroad. It also recommends that popular illustrated almanacks, brought out in good time, and illustrated papers, be started in opposition to the almanacks and illustrated papers now in circulation. (5.) That support be given to spreading ascetical works, under the sanction of the bishops. (6.) That when such are required, small fly-sheets should be published to keep the public acquainted with all that passes in politics and trade; but which should avoid all mere controversy, and maintain a thoroughly Catholic spirit.

II. The Congress trusts that Catholic literary and scientific reviews will be supported and encouraged.

III. It praises the generous initiative of the Catholic Lay Association of Naples in founding the *Catholic Echo*, a weekly gratuitous publication for the purpose of making known the rules and working of Catholic associations, good publications, and news of the greatest importance. It recommends Catholic associations, as well as private persons, to assist the gratuitous circulation of this organ of the Catholic movement by becoming corresponding members of the *Circole* at Naples.

The remaining recommendations of the Congress on this subject are in the same spirit. Catholics are urged to take steps to supply the military hospitals with good books, to establish in every province a press exclusively devoted to Catholic papers and publications, and where there are presses already existing in connection with Catholic associations of artisans, to support them to the utmost. Finally, the erection of Catholic libraries in all populous centres, where good books may be had even gratuitously, is strongly urged, and the circulating library already existing at Turin is pointed out as a model.

It is evident that the writers of these resolutions look on the Catholic press not merely as a commercial speculation, which is to be tested by its monetary success, and which is to be left merely to its own literary merits to sink or swim, but as an instrument for good, demanding support from all who have at heart Catholic interests and the welfare of God's Church. If all such considerations are to be set aside, the Protestant or anti-Catholic paper or serial will very probably, or in many cases, cater more to the tastes of the public. Its *feuilleton* will be more sparkling, its articles more amusing; and it is to be regretted that the right side cannot command like talent and literary ability. Instead of lamenting the fact, or continuing to enable Protestant publications to enter our own schools, would it not be more reasonable to support Catholic publications and give them thus the chance of bettering their character? It is hard to expect self-sacrifice from those only who with little or no remuneration, but simply because impressed with the importance of the work, labour at the work of publication, while their natural supporters, who have, or ought to have, the same interests at heart, are unwilling to give even out of their abundance, or at a trifling sacrifice, the subscription to Catholic works.

In truth, it would be difficult to speak too strongly on what we may almost call the infatuation which reigns among English Catholics as to the whole question of literature, whether periodical or art. It is the symptom of a deep-seated and complex evil, having its root in imperfect education, an education which gives no taste for reading or for knowledge, no aptitude for serious thought or application of mind, and which prepares the minds of the young to find their most congenial food in novels, and their most strenuous occupation in the emptiest frivolity. Such an evil is not remedied in a day, but the time may soon come, when, if it be not remedied, it may lead to a falling off in faith and Christian practice which may cast upon the Catholic name in this country much disgrace and misery. If there is one thing more than another that makes us long for some such meeting among ourselves as that Catholic Congress of Venice of which we are giving an imperfect account, that thing is the hope that such a meeting could not take place without giving a great impulse to Catholic literature in the widest sense of the name. No doubt there are other wants in abundance, and

we have no wish to put this want before all others. Literature, however, in the case of a Catholic community such as ours, has this claim to priority, that to promote it is to promote all the rest of our requirements. It is of no value if it stops short in itself; but the moment a community wakes up—as it is time enough that we should wake up—to a sense of the dangers and duties of our position, its first step, in modern times, after doing all that can be done to secure the blessing of heaven and the approval of authority, must be to look to its public organs and its literary weapons. We do not need so much any new machinery. We have already what might become our *Settimana Religiosa*, or at least our *Mese Religioso*, in that class of periodicals of which, if we are not mistaken, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is the oldest and best established member. It might require a little expansion to make it into a “Chronicle of Religious and Christian Works,” but that would be no difficulty, if only all those who are bound to take an interest in the immense range of activity included under that title would but convince themselves that, if it is a Christian duty to labour according to their means in the formation of holy enterprises, it may be an equal duty—on the discharge of which even more may depend—to promote the circulation of such information about them as may be an encouragement and an incentive to others to engage in them.

The Congress at Venice concludes its Report on the subject of the press by some recommendations which are worth recording. Journalists are exhorted to attend particularly to historical corrections as to matters of fact, which are so often misrepresented and distorted by anti-religious writers. The journalist in England who undertook to correct even a title of the historical misrepresentations of the press in this country would have a hard time of it, certainly—but the thing should be begun, and it would succeed in the long run. It is also recommended that a paper should be printed for distribution on Sundays and holidays of obligation with the special object of furnishing the people with some reading in keeping with the services of the day. This has already been done for three years in Milan. And Catholics in general are reminded of their duty, not to support in any way any publication which is not strictly Catholic. It is proposed to found associations to oppose bad publications, books, papers, photographs, and

the like, as also to use legal means against anti-Christian calumniators of the Church or the priesthood.

There remains yet one more section of the Report of this interesting Congress to which we have not as yet drawn attention—that which relates to Christian Art, under the two heads of architecture and music. There is much under the former of these two heads which might form the subject of remark, especially the efforts suggested by the Congress against the profanation of Christian cemeteries and the destruction of sacred images, which is being carried on in some parts of Italy by public authority. The question of sacred music touches on a more dangerous subject, not, apparently, so much on account of its intrinsic difficulty, as on account of the inflammatory character of certain minds which are too much inclined to dogmatize on the subject. The Congress at Venice speaks on the point with the moderation and calmness which are usually found in those who speak with more or less of real authority on the subject. The Congress recognizes, as true church music, the choral and Gregorian chant, with or without the organ, and the music called "*alla Palestrina*." It acknowledges as less becoming "*meno conveniente*," the dramatic music, and remembers that "instrumental accompaniment" (the orchestra) is only tolerated by the Church. It desires to see the authorities to whom it belongs to regulate Church music, sanction both the Gregorian and the "Palestrina" music, as well as orchestral music, provided it be secondary and as a support to the singing. Gregorian music it would wish to see taught, in order to prepare the people for a regeneration of musical taste. There is no extravagance or strong language here—no branding with "dishonesty" those who take a different view from that taken by the Section. Italian music, as every one knows, is beautiful in kind: but it is too often merely pretty, too often theatrical, and it is generally unscientific. The approbation given by the Holy Father to the music composed by Cappocci for St. John Lateran's, in 1855, seems to point rather to a correction of the vices of the style to which that music belonged, than to the proscription of the style altogether.

## *St. Jerome and his Correspondence.*

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### PART THE FIRST.

IT may seem, at first sight, a work of supererogation to pourtray the genius and character of one who, more than any other Father of the Church, has attracted the attention of the historian and the commentator, from the middle ages down to our own days. Yet we have but to remember that the unflagging energy, the many-sidedness, or better, the universality of the gifts of St. Jerome, render him a practically inexhaustible theme. In the still extant monuments of his labours, he may be viewed as the orator whose style not unfrequently recalls that of Cicero, as the ardent polemist, ever eager to overwhelm with his vigorous logic and trenchant sarcasm such as would attempt to introduce elements of dissolution into the life and organism of the Church; as the fervent ascetic, the enthusiastic champion and propagator of religious life in the West, or in the character which the grateful record of the Roman Liturgy<sup>1</sup> has enshrined in the hearts of the successive generations of believers, that of the unsurpassed teacher who, rivalling the toils of Origen, and warned by his errors, has endowed the Churches of the West with a version of the Divine Scriptures, reproducing in the language of law and of world-wide empire the primeval beauties of the original texts, welding, at the same time, the Latin language into the form under which it was to prove so apt an instrument of mediæval thought in the colossal enterprize of building up the vast synthesis of faith and reason, of the wisdom from on high and its pale and unsteady reflections in human thought and institutions, and fitting it for its yet more sublime and hallowed destiny as the link of the unity of prayer, at once the symbol, the earnest and the warrant of the Pentecostal gift of the unity of belief won for regenerate humanity by the prayer

<sup>1</sup> See Collect for his Feast, September 30.



that closes the record of the mortal life of the Author and Finisher of our Faith.

Any one of these points of view, corresponding as it does with a complete, and we had almost said, separate individuality, while supplying ample matter to the historian or biographer, may help them to an excuse for the imperfections of their portraiture, and they may plead the vastness of their subject in extenuation of the incompleteness, the inadequacy of their presentments. After all, in dealing with St. Jerome, we are dealing, it is true, with a well defined and vigorous personality, but yet with one who resumes in himself an epoch, and that epoch the eve of the transition from the ancient to the modern world. We have, happily, considerable help from St. Jerome himself towards the delineation of a character which might tax too severely the powers of another. No other hand but that of the holy Doctor himself, can draw an exact portrait of him; it is only in the confidential outpourings of his mind and heart, the unveiling to a friendly and sympathetic gaze of his thoughts, his cares, his studies, his trials from within and without, of his triumphs—it is only in his letters, wherein he, from day to day, admits us into the privacy of his life, and traces, with the energetic sincerity of a first impression, the history of his followers, admirers, and detractors, the chronicle too of his age, with which he came into contact on so many sides—it is in these only that we may hope to attain an accurate notion of the illustrious Doctor, and of the times in which he lived and worked. For it is needless to observe that it were labour lost to study St. Jerome apart from his age and its civil and ecclesiastical history, of which he may justly claim to have been *pars magna*.

Eusebius, surnamed Hieronymus (Hierome or Jerome), was, he informs us,<sup>2</sup> born at Stridon, on the borders of Dalmatia and Pannonia, a town which was destroyed in a raid of the Gothic tribe that has given to so large a portion of northern Italy the name of Lombardy. The precise date of his birth is a matter of dispute, some assigning it, on the authority of the Chronicle of St. Prosper, to the year 331, that of the consulate of Bassus and Abladius, while others, in view of the difficulty of conciliating this date with the several allusions the Saint makes to his early years and the events which

<sup>2</sup> De Scriptor. Ecclesiast. c. 135.

marked them, have, with far greater plausibility, fixed A.D. 345 or 346 as the year of his birth. His parents were both Christians, and, as he has left on record,<sup>3</sup> they instilled into him, from his earliest years, an ardent attachment to Catholic truth. That they enjoyed the consideration, which then as now, attaches to the well to do, may be inferred from their sending their son to Rome to finish his education in the school of the celebrated grammarian and scholiast Donatus, and from the sums spent by Jerome in providing himself with what was ever after the inseparable companion of his life and travels, his dearly-prized library.<sup>4</sup> From the schools wherein he studied with characteristic earnestness the masterpieces of pagan genius, he witnessed the rise and fall of Julian, the crowned sophist who devoted his great talents and the resources of his position to the desperate task of restoring a semblance of life to the putrefying carcase of an effete paganism. Jerome could note the various impressions made by the tidings of the death of the infatuated apostate; and his Commentary on Habacuc<sup>5</sup> has preserved to us the exclamation of one who, discerning the hand of God in the catastrophe, cried out in mingled rage and terror—"How can the Christians say that their God is patient, when nothing is more swift than His wrath, when He cannot restrain His vengeance even for a moment?"<sup>5</sup>

It was during this first sojourn of our Saint in the imperial city, that it was his wont to spend his Sunday leisure in devout visits to the catacombs and underground crypts, the hallowed cradle of the Mother and Mistress of the Churches, the store-house of those trophies of the victory of her indefectible faith over the world and the apostate powers it is leagued with in blind and reckless complicity. As we learn by his own confession,<sup>6</sup> he was, for awhile, led astray by youthful passions, and, to use his own words, "he had to mourn over more than one fall, more than one shipwreck." He was, however, taken out of the dangers of the imperial city by the order of his father, who, with a view to the advancement of his son, sent him to Treves, where Valentinian then held his Court. But Jerome, whose bent did not induce him to seek for military or administrative preferment, spent his two years of exile in travelling over the length and breadth

<sup>3</sup> Epist. 39, ad Theophil.

<sup>4</sup> Epist. 18, p. 42.

<sup>5</sup> Comm. in Habac. 3.

<sup>6</sup> Epist. 7, p. 14, and Epist. 30, p. 242.



of Gaul, and in copying, amongst other works bearing on the Arian controversy, the treatise on Synods by St. Hilary of Poitiers. It was while visiting the banks of the Rhine in the company of his devoted friend Bonosus, that he felt an inward attraction to the monastic life.<sup>7</sup> From Treves he returned to Rome, where he received baptism under the pontificate of Liberius. According to all appearance, it was during his brief sojourn in this city, that his name was mixed up with an event which caused great sensation. Melania, sprung from a consular family, which had originally come from Spain, was left a widow at the early age of twenty-three. Scarce had the corpse of her husband stiffened in death, when she was suddenly bereaved of her two eldest children. St. Jerome has left a memorable description of her heroism under these terrible visitations of Providence. "She shed not a tear, she stood, as it were, unmoved, and prostrate at the feet of Christ, as if she were clasping them, she cheerfully said—'I shall be more free to serve Thee, O Lord, now that Thou hast lightened my burden.'"<sup>8</sup>

Having fulfilled the last mournful duties, she made known her intention of starting on a distant journey, and, despite the tears and representations of her friends, took ship for Egypt at the beginning of the winter, leaving her only son under the care of the prætor of the city, who, in virtue of his charge, appointed a guardian to the forsaken child. As may be imagined, Melania became the common topic of Roman society, her conduct was variously appreciated, being considered by some as the heroism of Christian self-sacrifice, by others as a blind for frailties, a share in which was freely ascribed to St. Jerome, who may have been her adviser, as he was unquestionably her apologist after the fact.

Having left Rome, he reappears at Aquileia, a city which, in those days worthily filled the place to which Venice was to succeed, as the metropolis of trade, of the fine arts and general culture, for the surrounding countries. The eloquence of Jerome, and his earnestness, soon gathered round him a knot of congenial spirits, of young men eager for study, and fired with an enthusiasm for the monastic life. Among these, Rufinus, who later on was a priest of the Church of Aquileia, and then a monk of the "laura" on Mount Olivet, may fairly claim to rank next to Jerome himself. His early education

<sup>7</sup> Epist. ad Theophil.<sup>8</sup> Epist. 22, super obitu Blesillæ.

having been neglected, he profited by the leisure of solitude to make up for his disadvantages. His persevering industry would, however, have failed to rescue his name and labours from oblivion, for his fame, such as it is, is wholly due to his attacks on St. Jerome, whom he opposed with a virulence equalled only by the fervour of their previous friendship. The next on the list is Bonosus, the son of a wealthy citizen of Aquileia, a foster-brother, as we are told, of St. Jerome, and his companion at Rome, and in his travels through Gaul. Devoted heart and soul to his friend, who had fired him with his own enthusiasm, he retired to a desolate islet off the coast of Dalmatia, where he practised all the austerities of the eremitical life, eking out the scanty provision sent him at uncertain intervals from the mainland by the shell-fish cast upon the shores of his retreat, and occasional fishing. The third in importance was Heliodorus, to whom St. Jerome addressed his oft-quoted letter,<sup>9</sup> which is in reality, a complete treatise on the eremitical life. The scion of a noble, though provincial race, Heliodorus had thrown up his commission in the imperial army, in order to devote himself to an ascetic course. From Aquileia he accompanied St. Jerome to the Syrian deserts. He was afterwards elected to the see of Altinum, in Venetia.

Failing particulars, we can give but a passing notice to the remaining companions and disciples of our Saint, whose subsequent fortunes may be taken as an indication of their sterling worth. Such was Chromatius, who became a bishop, such, too, his brother Eusebius, archdeacon of Aquileia, and then bishop. To these may be added Jovinus, also a bishop; Nicias, a subdeacon of the Church of Aquileia; Innocentius, a layman, attracted to the monastic state by his admiration of St. Jerome; and Hylas, a freedman of Melania, of whom St. Jerome witnesses<sup>10</sup> that he effaced the stigma of slavery by the innocence of his life and conversation.

But St. Jerome was not allowed to enjoy for long his seclusion. Family misfortunes, and still more, the hostility of his bishop, Lupicinus, of whom he traces no very flattering portrait,<sup>11</sup> compelled him to choose another retreat in the company of his brother, Paulinianus. But he failed to find peace in his new abode, either because Lupicinus persisted in his unfriendly course, or that he perceived more plainly the

<sup>9</sup> Epist. 5.<sup>10</sup> Epist. 1, p. 2.<sup>11</sup> Epist. 6, 7.

necessity of a thorough training in the monastic life, under experienced masters. Whatever the cause, he bade his brother farewell, and returning to Aquileia, fell in with Evagrius, a priest of Antioch, deputed by that Church to inform the bishops of the West of its deplorable condition, and to enlist their sympathies on behalf of its lawful pastor, who was contending with two rival claimants for the patriarchal throne. Jerome went with him to the East.

In thus introducing St. Jerome and his three companions into Antioch, Evagrius led them into the turmoil of a schism, the issues of which are briefly indicated above. Under the pressure of bodily infirmities, aggravated as they were by mental anxiety and the fatigues of his journey, Jerome accepted the hospitality of Evagrius. At this period the ancient capital of the Seleucidæ was, as St. Jerome states in his letter to Pammachius,<sup>12</sup> the metropolis of all the East, and had already become famous for its school of theology. The two Apollinaris of Laodiceæ, father and son, were teaching there, amid the universal applause which greeted their splendid talents and the uncompromising boldness they had displayed during the short-lived persecution of Julian. The elder, a native of Alexandria, and a distinguished grammarian and poet, had found means to elude the abominable law inspired by the far-seeing hatred of the Apostate, which, in terms that remind us of the stereotyped phrases of a certain school, forbade Christian scholars the use of pagan classics. He turned a great portion of the Old Testament into heroic metre, and dramatized sacred subjects in the style of Menander and Euripides. The works of St. Gregory Nazianzene contain specimens of this class of composition, which have been ascribed to the versatile talent of Apollinaris. His son, the heir of his gifts and immense erudition, was afterwards Bishop of Laodiceæ, and acquired the miserable celebrity of originating a narrow and heretical view incompatible with the perfection and completeness<sup>13</sup> of the manhood taken up into God, in that it denied that the Word made flesh had assumed aught but an animal, or merely sentient soul. Apollinaris the younger was at this time emulating the fame of Origen, Eusebius, and the blind catechist of Alexandria, Didymus, by his exegetical labours on several of the Epistles, on Isaías, Ecclesiastes, and the Psalms.

<sup>12</sup> Epist. 38.

<sup>13</sup> "Dimidiatam Christi introduxit œconomiam," (Epist. 41).

With an obscure presentiment of the all-important task for which he was singled out, Jerome had already precluded to his works on the Divine Scriptures by a commentary on Abdias, which, at a later period, he would fain have committed to the flames, with far better cause than prompted Virgil to consign the *Aeneid* to the like doom. His Catholic instinct, which never failed him, made him shrink from venturing upon the study and explanation of the Divine Oracles by his own lights, apart from the guidance of ecclesiastical consciousness whereof the Fathers and authorized Doctors are the acknowledged mouthpieces and interpreters. He became, therefore, an assiduous hearer in the school of Apollinaris, from whom he acquired that leaning to the allegorical interpretation of the Sacred Text, which he invariably accompanied with an accurate and conscientious exposition of the literal sense.

Meanwhile, Jerome saw himself forsaken by two of the little band of friends who had followed him from Aquileia. Having visited Jerusalem, Heliodorus and Nicias returned to Antioch, and spent a few days with Jerome and his host Evagrius, who was then taking active steps in furtherance of his guest's purpose to retire from the world, and offered to render the same service to the new-comers. But Heliodorus being summoned home by the news of his sister's widowhood, and by his anxiety on behalf of her son Nepotianus, who was left to his guardianship, felt compelled to decline, and started for Italy with Nicias, yet with some velleity of returning to share his friend's solitude, as appears from the reminder of St. Jerome addresses to him: "When taking leave of me, you besought that after my retirement into the desert, I would not fail to invite you hither by letter."<sup>14</sup>

These partings helped Jerome in his task of renouncement and self-denial. As he tells us, in his Life of the solitary Malchus, to whom he was introduced by Evagrius, at Maronia, a village some thirty miles distant from Antioch, belonging to the latter, it was the solitary's simple narrative of the trials and vicissitudes of his chequered life that helped to recall to St. Jerome the purpose for which he had left Aquileia. This narrative, which the Saint has handed down to us,<sup>15</sup> preserves all its freshness and dramatic interest. It is the plain, unvarnished record of the unconscious heroism of one who, summoned by generous aspirations in early youth to forego the lawful joys

<sup>14</sup> Epist. 5. ad Heliodor. p. 7.

<sup>15</sup> Vita Malchi, Monachi Captivi.

of home and family for the cœnobitic life, was led for awhile to falter in his high purpose, and on his homeward journey fell in with a troop of nomad Arabs, who, even in the days of Pliny, were called Saracens,<sup>16</sup> and reduced to bondage. His conscientious discharge of his uncongenial duties wins for himself at last the favour of his master, who commands him to take to wife one of his fellow-captives, a married woman torn from her husband. To escape death, which would have been the penalty of refusal, the two Christian slaves agreed to live together as brother and sister. After awhile, they make their escape, but are followed and tracked, by their enraged master, to a cavern where they had taken shelter. A lioness, which was lurking there, delivers them from this unforeseen peril by devouring their would be captors and executioners, and leaving them to pursue their way unmolested. They availed themselves of their dearly-bought freedom to retire, the woman into a monastery of virgins, Malchus himself as a hermit into the Syrian desert.

As we observed, this simple tale quickened anew the aspirations which had been slumbering in the breast of our Saint. He closed his books, and bade farewell to his favourite studies, in order to start without further delay for Chalcis. Evagrius, as we have seen, offered to recommend him to the abbot of one of the larger monasteries in the first or outer zone of this desert region, whose acquaintance he had made. For the reasons already stated, Innocentius and Hylas were the only friends who accompanied St. Jerome in his retirement. A letter he addressed about this time to St. Theodosius,<sup>17</sup> the abbot whom he had visited during his journey through Cilicia to commend himself to his prayers, bears witness to the conflict of a soul pining for the solitude of the desert, yearning after its barren pathless wilds, fairer in his eyes than any city, peopled as they are by legions of saints, and decked as a paradise with the goodly bloom of Christ-like virtues. Yet is he held back by the sense of his unworthiness and the memories of youthful excesses. He, therefore, begs the prayers of Theodosius and his holy brethren, that the Good Shepherd may bear His ailing stray sheep on His shoulders to the fold, that the prodigal, awakening at length from his delirium of riot and extravagance, may be no longer hindered by the snares of the wicked one from craving pardon at the feet of his father.

<sup>16</sup> From *Sharkeyn*—the Easterns.

<sup>17</sup> Epist. 3.

The desert, to which the poor and insignificant town of Chalcis gave its name, was an immense sandy track, separating Syria from Arabia.<sup>18</sup> Parched by a cloudless sun and the reverberation of its rays during a greater portion of the year, its temperature sank to wintry cold when the summits of Libanus and Anti-Libanus were covered with snow. At the time with which we are concerned, it furnished a refuge from worldly vices and frivolities to many of the devout and earnest-minded Christians of Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and of part of Asia Minor. It was divided into three zones or regions, corresponding more or less with the three several classes of monks as described by St. Jerome in his letter to Eustochium,<sup>19</sup> justly styled by Montalembert "The code of Christian virginity."

There are three orders of monks. The first is that of the *cœnobites*, or as we would say, of those who live in community. The second, that of the *anchorites*; the third, of those who are called *remoboth*. . . . These last live together in companies of two or three, mostly according to their own whim and fancy, clubbing together the proceeds of their toil for their common support. . . . The most numerous are the *cœnobites*, with whom it is a fundamental maxim to obey their prelates and to do their every bidding. They are divided into tens and hundreds, so that nine out of every band are under the government of the tenth; the tenth men in their turn owe obedience to the head man of each hundred. They live apart, in separate cells, nor are they allowed to visit each other before the hour of nones, the only exception being in favour of the deans, or tenth men, whose office it is to visit in private, and to comfort by seasonable words, such as are exercised in their minds. At the hour of nones, they meet together, the Psalms are intoned, the Scriptures are read according to a fixed rule. When the prayers are over, he whom they call their father begins a discourse. They listen in such deep silence, that no one ventures to look at his neighbour, or even to cough. The tears of his hearers are the only applause that greets the speaker. Silent tears flow down wan cheeks, nor does compunction find vent even in sobs. But when the exhortation touches on the Kingdom of Christ, future bliss, or the glory to be revealed, you may mark them with suppressed sighs, and eyes uplifted heavenward, saying within themselves: "Who will give me the wings of a dove, that I may fly away and be at rest!" They next adjourn to their daily meal, at which they wait on the brethren in weekly turns. The repast goes on noiselessly, for no one is allowed to converse at table. Their food consists but of bread, pulse, and vegetables, seasoned only with salt. Wine is allowed only to the aged, who, together with the children, are more delicately fed, in consideration of the weakness of old age, and in order to husband the strength of beginners. On rising from table, they sing a hymn and retire to their cells, where they are allowed to converse together till vespers.

<sup>18</sup> Epist. 7. ad Chromatium, Jovinum, et Eusebium.

<sup>19</sup> Epist. 19.



As over and above the prayer in common, they are supposed to watch at night, each cell is visited for the purpose of listening to what its inmate may be about. Should they discover any one to be somewhat slack, instead of rebuking him, they visit him more frequently, and encourage, rather than force him to prayer. Each day has its allotted task, which is handed to the tenth man to be by him taken to the procurator, who has to give a strict account to the abbot every month. The procurator has likewise to taste the food before it is served up; and as no one should have cause to complain of being without a tunic and cloak, or mats for his bedding, it is incumbent upon him to see that none be obliged to ask for, or to go without, these necessary things. When any fall sick they are transferred to a larger apartment, and so carefully nursed by the elders, that they need not regret either the dainties of cities or the tenderness of their own mothers. On Sundays, the day is spent in prayer and reading exclusively, with which they are also to occupy the time not devoted to their manual labours. They daily learn a portion of the Scriptures. They fast throughout the year, in time of Lent they are allowed to increase their austerities. During Pentecost<sup>20</sup> the evening meal is changed into a dinner, thereby conforming to the usage of the Church,<sup>21</sup> nor yet overloading the stomach by repeated meals. It was of men of this class that Philo, who vies with Plato in elegance of diction, and Josephus, the Greek Livy, in his history of the second captivity of the Jews, speak with praise.

The allusion contained in the last lines of the foregoing extract refers to the cognate sects of the Essenes or Therapeutæ, who respectively exhibited the practical and contemplative side of Judaism as modified by its close contact with the Greek mind, and are, on account of their systematic and severe asceticism, very plausibly held to have occupied in their corporate capacity, the position to which the holy Forerunner was individually called. Whatever their relations with Apostolic Christianity, which some modern writers of the naturalist school have affected to regard as the natural outcome of their doctrinal and moral system, we need not question that they had a place in the providential preparation for the institutions wherein the antagonism of the Gospel view of man and his destinies with those rife in what is termed the *world* in the Divine Scriptures, is set forth in boldest relief. We are here reminded perforce of a contrast between the effete paganism of antiquity, and that into which, unless its headlong progress be arrested, our age is being fast hurried. However hostile to Christianity as a doctrine or institution, pagans of thought and culture, save indeed such as wallowed in the Epicurean sty, or had addled

<sup>20</sup> Pentecost is here equivalent to Eastertide, the fifty days comprised in the Paschal season.

<sup>21</sup> Sundays and Paschal-time are excepted from the law or rule of fasting, by ecclesiastical use and by the Sacred Canons. See Apostolic Canon, 65.

their brains by the interminable questionings of the Pyrrhonic schools, were not chary of their praises of the monastic life, or slow to appreciate its value as a means of overcoming that selfishness, which, under divers names and shapes, so powerfully holds in check the aspirations of the soul to higher and better things. They greeted it, in its main features, as the realization of that ideal of human life, which true philosophers were wont to hold up to the generous enthusiasm of their disciples. To give but one striking instance of the impression made by monastic asceticism on the superior minds who were in a position to judge of its practical results, Libanius, the celebrated rhetorician who numbered St. Basil and St. Chrysostom among his most intimate friends, writes to the former to congratulate him on his having chosen the career of asceticism, the main purpose of which is to render men pleasing to God.<sup>22</sup>

But to return to St. Jerome. In after years he gave Eustochium a brief but vivid description of the trackless waste<sup>23</sup> to which he and his two companions betook themselves, as a place of refuge from the allurements of the world. The devouring heat, the seclusion, the hardships of his new life, aggravated as they were by the harassing conflict of the flesh with the spirit, soon told upon his health, and brought him, as it were, to the brink of the grave, which was shortly to claim for its own his two friends, Innocentius and Hylas. We leave him to tell the story of his bereavement in the moving accents of that feminine tenderness, the irrefragable and graceful token of the fellowship of heroic minds with that humanity whose destinies it is given them to shape. In his letter to Rufinus, after a rapid sketch of his wanderings from the time he left Aquileia, he says—

As I wandered about undecided where to settle, and broken down under the fatigues of my ramblings through Thrace, Pontus, and Bithynia, and was exhausted by the excessive heats of Cilicia, Syria presents itself to me as a harbour of safety to the shipwrecked mariner. Here have I suffered whatever sickness could inflict, here too have I lost one of my eyes, Innocentius, who was, as it were, the half of my soul, snatched from me by a violent fever. Our dear Evagrius is now the only one left to cheer my life, but ailing as I am, I can but add to his sum of troubles. I had with me Hylas, that slave of the godly Melania, who had effaced the stigma of servitude by the innocence of his life and conversation; his death has opened afresh the wounds still unhealed of my heart.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>22</sup> Epist. ad Basil, 336. § 1.

<sup>23</sup> "In illa vasta solitudine." (Epist. 18. ad Eustoch.)

<sup>24</sup> Epist. 1, ad Rufin.

The second of his two letters to Florentius, to whose care he had addressed the letter to Rufinus we have just now quoted, contains many interesting particulars as to the uses to which he put the leisure of his solitude. This Florentius, though not a personal acquaintance of our Saint, was known to him by the report of his abundant charities to the poor and the needy pilgrims at Jerusalem, where he had fixed his abode. Having acknowledged the receipt of his letter, "which had been delivered to him in that part of the desert which separates Syria from the country of the Saracens," he asks Florentius to recover from Rufinus, on the arrival of the latter in the holy city, certain books he had need of.

I therefore beg and earnestly entreat you to ask of him the Commentaries of blessed Rhetitius, Bishop of Autun, wherein he explains with a sublime eloquence the Song of Solomon. The old man Paul<sup>25</sup> has written to me from the native home of the aforesaid Rufinus, to ask for his copy of Tertullian, the return of which he very pressingly urges. The inclosed list will tell you the books I am wanting, which you will be pleased to get copied for me. I further beg you to send back my Commentary on the Psalms of David, and the large volume containing St. Hilary's work on Synods, which I myself copied for him during my stay at Treves. Full well do you know that what feeds the Christian soul is to meditate on the law of the Lord, day and night. You give hospitality to others, you support and comfort them, and assist them at your own cost. If you but comply with these requests, I shall have nothing more to ask of you. And as, by the favour of the Lord, we have numerous copies of the books of Holy Writ,<sup>26</sup> you have only to signify your wish, and I will send any you may require. Fear not to give me trouble by any such demand, as I have here disciples whom I am training to be ready copyists.

These few last words afford us an insight into those long and patient toils whereby the inmates of the cloister have rendered such priceless services to literature and civilization, services which, alas! have received but a tardy and reluctant acknowledgement.

The bereavements, of which we have already given the particulars, the austerities of his solitude, induced him to try the effects of change. He left the laura for the most desolate zone of this howling wilderness, in order to nurse undisturbed the thoughts and emotions which exercised his mind. The fear of the everlasting tortures of the reprobate penetrated him to the quick, and he beheld in the unexpected death of his companions a token of the divine wrath incensed against him by his crimes, a warning from on high to prevent the doom impending over him by a more rigorous course of penance.

<sup>25</sup> Paul de Concordia.

<sup>26</sup> "Sacrae Bibliothecae Codices."

Those, who by the experience of the divine ministry, or the study of that inner life, hidden with Christ in God, have been familiarized with the phases of the mysterious travail which ushers in the birth of the new man fashioned after God in justice and true holiness, will not need to be told the import of this interior drama. We leave Jerome himself to trace for us in pages of unfading beauty its moving incidents, and to describe to us the life and death struggle, of which none but a soul like his could be the theatre, and which his genius alone could fittingly unfold.

How often [writes he to Eustochium] while living in the desert, in that trackless solitude parched by the fires of the sun, where the solitaries find their dreadful abode, how often did I not imagine myself once more in the midst of the gaieties of Rome! I dwelt alone, for that I was steeped in bitterness, the sackcloth wherein I was clad rendered my appearance hideous, my skin was blackened like that of an Ethiopian. I spent whole nights in tears and sighs, and when at times overcome by sleep, in spite of my efforts, I laid down on the bare ground a body so attenuated that my bones scarce held together. Of meat and drink I need say nothing, for in those deserts, not even the sick drink aught but cold water, and food that is cooked is deemed an unbecoming self-indulgence. Yet, I, who from the dread of hell had doomed myself to this dreadful prison, where serpents and beasts of prey were my sole companions, was oft-times transported in fancy to the dances of Rome. My cheeks were wan and sunken with fastings, yet did my mind burn with youthful desires in a worn-out frame, and my flesh, as it were already dead before my dissolution, was fevered with the heats of lustful desires. Not knowing whither to turn for help, I cast myself at the feet of Jesus, washed them with my tears, wiped them with my hair, and strove against my rebellious flesh by weeks of fasting. I remember frequently spending days and nights together striking my breast without ceasing, until He that hushes the storm, bade my soul be at peace. I feared even my cell, as if it were privy to my thoughts, and irritated against myself, I wandered still further into the wilderness. Did I meet with some deep valley, steep mountain, or precipitous rock, I chose it as a place of prayer, and as the prison of this wretched body; and God is my witness, that after abundance of tears, after keeping my eyes fixed on heaven, I felt, as it were, caught up to the angel-choirs, and overflowing with hope and gladness, I exclaimed: "We run after Thee in the odour of thy perfumes."

But besides this rigorous asceticism, the illustrious solitary in order to rid himself of these foul illusions, the result no less than the penalty of youthful transgressions, summoned to his aid a far nobler, and with him a far more imperious passion, that of study. To bodily austerities he added the painful and wearing toil of the mind. He set himself to learn Hebrew. Towards the close of his days, he thus described<sup>27</sup>

<sup>27</sup> Epist. 95.

in his letter to Rusticus, a monk from Gaul, his first attempts at what has since been rendered a far less formidable task—

In my younger days, when I had entombed myself in the solitude of the desert, being unable to bear up against the cravings of the flesh and the ardour of youth, and when, despite my frequent fastings, my mind teemed with countless filthy imaginings, to calm it I became the pupil of one of our brethren, who was a convert from Judaism; thus setting aside the quips of Quintilian, the floods of Ciceronian eloquence, the archaic simplicity of Fronto, the softness of Pliny, I learned the alphabet, I repeated words that grated on my ears and almost choked me. The amount of trouble I took, the difficulties I had to contend with, the number of times I gave up in despair, to return to the task with renewed ardour, none may tell save myself, and those who witnessed my labours.

As we learn from his memorable letter to Eustochium,<sup>28</sup> the library he had collected at so much pains and cost while a student at Rome, with which he could not part, even in his solitude, occasioned him another sharp interior conflict, scarcely less violent than the former. His preference for the masterpieces of profane literature over the Sacred Books presented itself to his conscience as an infidelity to God, and a falling away from the faith. We leave him to depict in his own vivid manner the circumstances of this new struggle between his conscience and his literary tastes—

Miserable man that I was, I fasted and then read Tully. After frequent night-watches spent in tears, which the remembrance of my former guilt drew from my very heart, I was wont to take up Plautus. If, yielding to my better self, I applied myself to the study of the Prophets, their rude and unharmonious diction disgusted me, and for that, with purblind eyes, I could not see the light, I blamed the sun and not my defective vision. While the old serpent was thus deluding me, I was seized, towards the middle of Lent, with a low fever, which coming in upon an exhausted frame, wore away all the remnants of my strength, and reduced me to a mere skeleton. Meanwhile I gradually became cold, my breast alone showed signs of vital heat, and there was a question about getting ready for my funeral. Then it was that in a trance I found myself dragged before the Supreme Judge. Such was the brightness that streamed from Him and invested the bystanders, that I fell prostrate, not venturing to raise my eyes. Being asked what I was, "A Christian," was my reply. "It is false," said the Judge; "thou art a Ciceronian, not a Christian, *for where is thy treasure, there also shall thy heart be.*" I was dumbfounded forthwith, and amid the stripes (for He had ordered me to be scourged), which I felt less than the reproaches of conscience, I repeated within myself the verse of the Psalm, "Who may give Thee thanks in the grave?"<sup>29</sup> I at length lifted up my voice, and sobbed out, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, have mercy," this was all that could be heard amid the noise of the strokes. At last the bystanders, falling at the feet of the Judge, pleaded my youth, besought Him to allow me a place of repentance, with the understanding that I was to be

<sup>28</sup> Epist. 18

<sup>29</sup> Psalm vi. 4.

severely punished if ever I studied pagan literature again. For my own part, in the anguish which I felt I was ready to pledge myself still further, I made oath, and conjured Him by His holy name, "Lord, if ever I keep, or study, profane books, treat me as one who has renounced Thee." With this solemn promise I was released and came to myself. To the astonishment of such as were about me, I opened my eyes, bathed with tears, and so poignant were my sufferings, that they convinced even those who are the slowest to believe. This was no passing fancy or empty dream, which is wont at times to delude us.

In the closing words of this vision, St. Jerome expresses his steadfast belief in the objectivity of this vision. We may still question his conclusion, and, as he afterwards ventured to do in reply to the strictures of his quondam friend Rufinus, ascribe the occurrence to the plastic power of an imagination abnormally stimulated by asceticism and disease. Lucky is it for Western Christendom that Jerome acted on this latter view. Not so his rivals, for as his fame and influence spread, as his talents developed under his constant study of profane literature, the impress of which is stamped on his voluminous productions, there were not wanting narrow-minded and envious gainsayers to reproach him with inconsistency, and even to remind him of his oath.

These conflicts were, however, succeeded by a short interval of calm, he renewed his relations with Evagrius, who supplied him with books, and sent him scribes to make copies of them under his supervision. Some few monks, whom aspirations similar to his own had brought from the West, joined him in his studies, and discussed with him the vital problems of human destiny amid the arid wastes which stood them instead of the groves of Academus. In after years, Jerome often cast wistful glances at this brief interval of truce and laborious leisure. But his heart yearned for his friends, he turned him first to Rufinus, who, as we have seen, had taken priest's orders at Aquileia, and having met with Melania in Egypt, accompanied her in a tour of inspection of the monastic colonies of Nitria and Thebais. Having understood that he was expected shortly to arrive at Jerusalem, Jerome addressed him an affectionate appeal to the memory of their former mutual attachment.<sup>80</sup> Heliodorus, their common friend, had already informed him of the presence of Rufinus in Egypt, tidings which were further confirmed by the solitary sent to distribute the alms of the Church of Alexandria to the Egyptian exiles driven from

<sup>80</sup> Epist. I. ad Rufin. Monachum.



their homes for their adherence to the faith of Nicæa. Having informed him, in terms already quoted, of the death of Innocentius and Hylas, he enlarges on the progress made by their common friend Bonosus in heroic self-abnegation and detachment. He concludes with an ardent protestation of his friendship for Rufinus, whom he beseeches to continue the sentiments he had heretofore manifested to one who cherished the memory of their bygone intimacy. This letter, inclosed, as we have seen, in another to Florentius, whom he charges to deliver it, failed to obtain any acknowledgment from Rufinus, whom it probably never reached. St. Jerome, therefore, bethought him once more of the mild and timid Heliodorus, whom he strove to recall to his first purposes by a vivid picture of the dangers of a secular condition, and of the hidden compensations of that solitude from which he had shrunk. This letter, of which we subjoin copious extracts, failed of its immediate purpose. Heliodorus did not join his former companion, but it obtained an unexpected circulation among several Christian communities, and, as will be seen further on, Fabiola repeated it, word for word, some fifteen years later, to our Saint in his hermitage at Bethlehem.

He begins by reminding Heliodorus of the grief which overwhelmed him on account of his unexpected departure; he next, in a lengthy allusion to the military career of Heliodorus, exclaims—

But what am I about? In sheer forgetfulness, I am still beseeching you. Away with supplications and coaxing, wounded love must needs wax wroth. What business have you in your father's house, effeminate soldier? Where is the palisade, where the trenches, and the wintry nights under the tent? Hark! the trumpet sounds from the heavenly heights, our King throned in the clouds comes forth armed to conquer the world, from His mouth proceeds a two-edged sword, which mows down everything in His path; will you then leave your bed-chamber for the fight, and the cool shade for the burning sun? A body used to a tunic can no longer bear the weight of a breast-plate, a head wrapped in fine linen is not fit for the helmet, a hand softened by ease must needs be blistered by the rough hilt of the sword. Listen to your Monarch's behest—"He that is not with Me is against Me; he that gathers not with Me scatters." Call to mind the day of your enrolment under the standard of Christ, when buried with Him in baptism, you pledged yourself to Him by oath, and vowed, for His name's sake, to have regard neither to father or mother. Behold, the foe would fain slay Christ within you, the hostile legions hanker after the bounty awarded in consideration of the warfare you had entered upon. Therefore, even though your little nephew hang on your neck, or your mother, dishevelled, with rent garments, show you the breasts at which she suckled you, should your father lie across the threshold, pass over

him, and hurry, with dry eyes, to the standard of the Cross. Such hard-heartedness is, in this case, the only real tenderness.

Soon will dawn the day when you will return home in triumph, when, wearing the guerdon of the brave, you will march through the Jerusalem that is above. With Paul will you share the freedom of the heavenly city, and obtain the like privilege for the beloved ones you have forsaken, you will pray for me who have encouraged you to the victorious combat. Full well do I know what are those ties which you say retain you. My heart is not of iron, I was not born of the hard rock or suckled by a Hyrcanian tigress. I am aware of your trials, for I, too, have passed through similar ones. At one time, your widowed sister clasps you tenderly in her arms, at another, the house servants with whom you have spent your early years, will exclaim, "To what, master, are you then going to leave us?" In her turn, too, the old nurse, who has dandled you in her arms, or your aged tutor, who has been to you as another father, will say, "Wait, at least, till we are dead and you shall have buried us." Perhaps even your mother will point to her shrunken breasts, and the wrinkles on her forehead, will rehearse to you the lullaby she sang while suckling you. And if they list, the learned ones may quote the poet's warning—"On thee rests thy tottering house." But the love of God and the fear of hell, will enable you to burst these bonds in sunder.

But you may urge, do not the Scriptures command us to obey our parents? True, yet whoso loves them more than Christ, will lose his soul. The timid counsels of Peter to his Lord, when about to suffer, were rejected by Him as a scandal. When the brethren sought to keep Paul from going up to Jerusalem, he said to them—"What mean you by seeking to turn me from my purpose with your tears? I am ready not only for bonds, but for death itself at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." To this battering-ram of natural affection, which makes our faith totter, we must oppose the rampart of the Gospel. "My mother and My brethren are they who do the will of My Father that is in heaven." If they believe in Christ, let them forward my purpose of striving on His behalf, if they do not, then let the dead bury their dead.

He anticipates the probable objection that all this holds good of seasons of sharp persecution, by the consideration that persecution is the necessary condition of Christian life, involving, as it needs must, a truceless conflict with the unseen powers of darkness, and the lusts continually warring against the spirit within us, a conflict from which, as his own experience has taught him, solitude affords no assured refuge.

But, you will, perhaps, reply, are not then the dwellers in cities, Christians? To this, I answer, that your case is a special one. Listen to Christ's words—"If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell all thou hast and give it to the poor, then come and follow me." Now you have bound yourself to strive after perfection, when leaving the army you became an eunuch for the kingdom of heaven, for you could have had no other purpose.

These words are important as showing that our holy Doctor was quite as averse as any of his modern critics from exaggera-

ting the fundamental principle of monastic life, from imposing as a general rule of Christian duty the obligation of renouncing all domestic and social ties as the necessary condition of a living union with Christ. They may well be read as a protest vindicating him from the blunder of giving to his maxims an extension incompatible with the wellbeing, nay, even the permanence, of human society. Full well was he aware that the summons to the higher life is not addressed to all, that "all do not, cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given." His vivid picture of the snares and perils of a secular condition, his stern summons to the renouncement even of the hallowed joys of home and family, imply as their essential correlative the acknowledged and duly tested vocation of him to whom they are addressed. The friend of St. Jerome, as his history bears witness, was one of those chosen souls to whom it is given, even in the full bloom of youth, to appreciate the emptiness of the usual aims of human activity, to shrink from a world which is the theatre of the short-lived triumph of injustice over right, of falsehood over truth. This insight, this conviction it is which, impressed from on high by the light of faith, and by the contemplation of the eternal justice of God, urges young and generous souls to seek for those conditions wherein they may establish in themselves the Kingdom of God, and hasten the advent of that dispensation, the bourne of the hopes of struggling humanity, of these new heavens, of that renewed earth wherein justice shall dwell.

To the objection which Heliodorus might have drawn from the circumstances wherein the pastoral ministry is exercised, he continues—

But now that I have driven you from this position, you will, mayhap, instance the clergy. Dare I blame them, for they, too, are dwellers in cities? God forbid I should lay aught to the charge of those, who standing in the place of the Apostles, with consecrated lips cause the Body of Christ to descend amongst us, by whose ministry we are become Christians, who, holding the keys of the heavenly kingdom, anticipate by their judgments the awful day of doom, and are the guardians of the untarnished honour of the Bride of Christ. Yet, as I have heretofore observed, the clergy and the monks are in different positions. The former feed the flock of Christ, I am fed by them. They live by the altar, while, if I fail to present my offering at the altar, the axe is laid to my root, as to that of a barren tree. Nor will my poverty excuse me, for I read in the Gospel that the Lord praised the aged widow, who cast into the treasury of the temple the two mites that were her all. I may not sit down in the presence of a priest; if I offend, he has the power of delivering my body to Satan, that the spirit may be saved in the day of

the Lord. Under the old law, whoso contemned the commands of the priesthood, was driven without the camp and stoned by the people, or, beheaded by the sword, expiated his contumacy with his blood. With us, the rebellious are cut off with the ghostly sword, or, having been cast out of the Church, fall a prey to the foul fiends. Should it befall that the favour or piety of the brethren urge you to ascend to this rank, I shall, while rejoicing at your promotion, tremble lest you fall. "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desires a good work." True, but mind what follows—"A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, chaste, sober, prudent," &c. Nor is the Apostle less exacting with those who are in the third degree. . . . Woe to him who comes to the sacred banquet without the wedding-garment. He can expect nought but to be asked—"Friend, how camest thou here?" Yes, he that ministers faithfully earns great honour for himself; but it is also true, that he who approaches the Cup of the Lord unworthily, is guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord. All bishops are not bishops. You look at Peter, but do not forget Judas. You admire Stephen, but behold that Nicolas, whom the Lord condemned in the Revelation, the originator of the shameless, abominable sect of the Nicolaitans. Let each one try himself and so approach. It is not ecclesiastical dignity which makes the Christian. The centurion Cornelius, while but a heathen, was cleansed by the gift of the Holy Ghost. The youthful Daniel judged the elders; the shepherd-boy David was chosen king. The youngest of the disciples was the favourite of Jesus. . . . It suffices not to keep one's flesh pure and undefiled, for on the day of judgment we shall account for every idle word, and the slanderer of his brother shall undergo the penalty of murder. It is not easy to stand in the place of Paul, to hold the rank of Peter, both of whom are now reigning with Christ. An angel may come and rend the veil of thy temple, and remove thy candlestick from its place. Ere you build a tower, reckon well the cost. Salt that has lost its savour is good for nought, save to be cast out, and to be trampled under foot by swine. The monk, if he fall, has the priest to plead on his behalf, but who shall intercede for the priest if he should happen to fall?

The letter concludes with a poetical effusion on the advantages and compensations of the solitary life—

O desert, enamelled with the flowers of Christ! Solitude, in which are shaped the stones of which the city of the great King described in Revelations is built up! Sweet retirement, which brings one close to God! Brother, what have you to do in the world, you who are greater than the world? How long shall the shadows of houses rest upon your head, and the smoky prison of cities hold you in durance? Air, light, and joy are here!

St. Jerome was never destined for a quiet life. His interior foes had scarce been got rid of, when he found himself assailed from without. The three years he had spent in the desert had been marked by divers fluctuations in the contest of which the Church of Antioch was then the scene. With a view to the restoration of peace, Meletius, it is said, had made to his rival Paulinus the uncanonical offer of acknowledging him

and being acknowledged as his partner in the disputed see. This proposal having failed, as it deserved to fail, he prevailed upon Paulinus to join him, in presence of their assembled adherents, both clergy and people, in a compromise solemnly confirmed by oath, in virtue of which either party pledged itself to acknowledge as lawful successor to the Patriarchal throne the competitor who should outlive his rival. The partisans of Meletius inveighed against this arrangement as an abandonment of his position and an infraction of the sacred Canons, while the bishops of Egypt, who sided with Paulinus, maintained its validity. But, as if to make confusion worse confounded, the strife of the contending parties was embittered by doctrinal questions. We have already described the heretical tenets of which the younger Apollinaris was the first promulgator; we have only to add, that with a view to the stability and development of this sect, the new heresiarch consecrated another claimant to the see of Antioch, in the person of Vitalis, who had recently returned from Rome with letters of communion addressed to Paulinus, which he had surreptitiously obtained from the Pope by an equivocal confession of faith.

Unhappily for Jerome's peace of mind, each one of the rival factions in Antioch sought to enlist him on its side, for, even thus early, his talents, his austerities, and his reputation for virtue and science, caused him to be acknowledged as one of the glories of the Church, and his name to be deemed a tower of strength for the party under whose standard he might choose to be enrolled. Paulinus, Vitalis, and Meletius especially, submitted their declarations to his examination, surrounded him with their emissaries, harrassed him with their proposals. About this time, which cannot be later than A.D. 377, Meletius and his party, doubtless with a view to a certain residuum of Sabellianism which held its ground in Mesopotamia, adopted as a *tessera* of orthodoxy a term, the meaning of which was as yet undefined. In opposition to the Sabellian view, which explained away the Trinity by reducing it to the threefold manifestation of God in human history, and also to rebut the accusation the anti-Nicene heretics were wont to bandy against the orthodox, to whom they imputed a more or less conscious leaning to the sheer nominalism of Sabellius, the Meletians took for their shibboleth the formula of three hypostases, and urged its adoption on our Saint. On the other hand, Paulinus

and the Egyptian bishops rejected the Meletian formula as a needless, possibly dangerous, and assuredly unauthorized gloss on the faith of Nicæa. Jerome was summoned daily, nay hourly, by virulent partisans, to leave the vantage ground of silent neutrality and to make a categorical declaration of his adhesion to one or other of the contending factions. To this he had but one answer, which then—as would be the case at the present day, and as will be the case until the end of the Church's history—presented itself to Christian consciousness as the unmistakable token of fellowship in the divinely guaranteed unity of truth and of Catholic brotherhood. Unmoved by threats and cajolements, he pointed unswervingly to the Chair of doctrine set up by the fisherman of Galilee on the ruins of Imperial Rome. Amid the din of strife, contradiction, and mutual recrimination, he lifted up his voice, exclaiming, "*Si quis cathedræ Petri jungitur, meus est.*"<sup>31</sup>

But we must give place to St. Jerome himself, who, in his two letters to Damasus, and in an appeal addressed to Mark the Presbyter (as Dom Martianay probably conjectures, the Bishop of Chalcis and local ordinary of St. Jerome), has left a record of the virulence of the contention then raging in the Churches of Syria and of his own deep sorrow and disgust—

Now that the East in a paroxysm of its wonted madness is tearing into shreds the seamless garment of Christ, and foxes are laying waste the Lord's vineyard; now that amid broken cisterns, it is no easy task for those who lack water to discover the sealed fountain and the garden enclosed, I turn me to the Chair of Peter, to the faith erst celebrated by the inspired Apostle, I seek food for my soul where I was clad with Jesus Christ.<sup>32</sup> The wicked brood has wasted that paternal inheritance which you alone have preserved incorrupt. With you the fertile ground yields unmixed the hundredfold increase of the seed of the Lord, while here it is choked by tares and degenerates. The Sun of Justice now-a-days rises in the West; in the East, the apostate Lucifer sets up his throne above the stars. . . . Though deterred by your majesty, yet do I feel myself drawn on by your kindness. From the Chief Priest do I demand the saving victim, the Shepherd do I implore to guard his sheep. Let every one be silent, let none object to me the greatness and the supreme dignity of the See of Rome. I now address the successor of the Fisherman, the follower of the Crucified One. Acknowledging no other chief but Christ, I hold communion with your Blessedness, that is, with the Chair of Peter, of that rock whereon I know the Church is built. Whoso eats of the Lamb out of that house is polluted. Whoso is not in this Ark must perish in the flood.

As I have retired to do penance for my sins into that vast solitude that lies between Syria and the lands of the barbarians, and the immense distance prevents me from receiving at the hands of your Holiness the

<sup>31</sup> Ep. 16 ad Damasum Papam.

<sup>32</sup> St. Jerome was baptized at Rome.



holy gift of the Lord,<sup>33</sup> I attach myself to the holy confessors of Egypt who are in your communion, and I escape notice among them, even as a tiny boat amid ships of burden. I know nought of Vitalis, Meletius I reject, I ignore Paulinus; whoso gathereth not with you, scattereth.

He then briefly sets forth the controversy raised about what he styles the "new-fangled term," "hypostasis"<sup>34</sup>—

But because I refuse to adopt their term, I am condemned as a heretic. If any one who takes hypostasis in the sense of essence, deny that there is but one hypostasis in three Persons, he is cut off from Christ. . . . Give judgment, I beseech you; if you but command me, I will not shrink from confessing three hypostases.

Having observed that in the secular schools of philosophy hypostasis is used but as the synonym of substance, or essence, he justifies his aversion from the term, as implying division and plurality in that which reason and revelation present as the simplest unity, that is, the Divine nature.

Yet [continues he], if you deem it right that we should confess three hypostases, I will not refuse. But beware, poison lurks in the honey, Satan has disguised himself as an angel of light. Even when they interpret this term in the Catholic sense, they brand me as a heretic, for all that I confess my agreement with their view. What means this importance they attach to a word? What hidden design is masked by an equivocal expression? . . . Wherefore, I implore your blessedness, by the Crucified One, the Saviour of mankind, by the Consubstantial Trinity, to inform me by letter whether I am to confess, or to reject the three hypostases. And lest ignorance of my place of abode cause your messengers to go astray, you will be pleased to direct them to the priest Evagrius, whose faithfulness in handing on letters is well known to you. You will also tell me with whom I am to hold communion, since the "Campenses,"<sup>35</sup> in league with the semi-Arians, seek only to avail themselves of the communion they assert they have with you, to enforce the confession of three hypostases, in the hitherto usual sense of the term.

The first letter received no answer. St. Jerome therefore wrote a second time to Damasus, excusing his importunity by instances taken from the Gospel Parables and Sacred History. He gives a brief and vigorous delineation of the state of affairs at Antioch, and of the strife of which he was the object and the centre—

My implacable enemy has pursued me even hither, so that my solitude is become the theatre of incessant wars. The Arians,<sup>36</sup> emboldened by the

<sup>33</sup> The Divine Eucharist, which was frequently sent in token of orthodox and Catholic communion.

<sup>34</sup> *Novellum nomen*.

<sup>35</sup> Name given to the Meletians from their meeting for worship in the fields outside Antioch.

<sup>36</sup> He confounds somewhat indiscriminately, the Meletians with the Arians.

favour of the secular power,<sup>37</sup> begin to show their teeth. Each of the three factions which are rending the Church here, strive to gain me over; the monks round about me use their influence against me. Meanwhile, my invariable reply is, if any one adheres to the Chair of Peter, I am on his side. Meletius, Vitalis, and Paulinus, each boast of being in your communion. If only one of them were to assert it, I might believe him; but in the present case, two out of the three, or perhaps, all of them, tell a lie. I, therefore, entreat your blessedness, by the Cross of our Lord, by that indispensably necessary glory of our faith, the Passion of Christ, that as you have succeeded to the rank of the Apostles, you would follow their worthy deeds. . . . Deign, therefore, to inform me, with whom I am to hold communion in Syria. Turn not away from a soul for which Christ died.

We may refer to the same period<sup>38</sup> his letter to Mark,<sup>39</sup> which gives an account of the petty annoyances whereby he was at length driven from his retirement. The following extract will suffice to give an idea of its contents. Applying to his monkish persecutors a reminiscence of Virgil, his favourite poet, he asks—

“What race of men is this? What barbarous regions sanctions such customs? A resting-place on the sands is forbidden us!” We have taken this quotation from a heathen poet, that they who will not keep the peace of Christ, may take a lesson from a heathen. I, who confess the Consubstantial Trinity, am denounced as a heretic, I constantly maintain that there are three subsistent, true, complete and perfect Persons in the Trinity, yet am I accused of Sabellianism.

He complains that those who thus condemn him were his brother monks, who, in condemning him, involved in their strictures the whole West and Egypt, in other words, Damasus and Peter of Alexandria, whose faith he followed, whose terminology he made his own. He cannot but feel that they wish to drive him away. Some friends of his from the West, less patient and firm than he, could stand it no longer, and had taken leave of him, saying that they preferred the company of wild beasts to that of Christians like these. He would have followed them, but thinly clad and weak in body, he durst not face the wintry blasts. He will wait for spring. It was indeed time for him to go, since the beginning of one of his letters<sup>40</sup> seems to show that he was deprived of the usual means of epistolary correspondence.

J. M'S.

<sup>37</sup> Sapor, whom Gratian had deputed to Antioch, and who favoured Meletius' party.

<sup>38</sup> *Circiter* A.D. 377.

<sup>39</sup> Ep. 15.

<sup>40</sup> Ep. 12 ad Virgines Hermonenses.

### *The Birthplace of Cardinal Bellarmine.*

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THE stirring municipal life of Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the position which that country held as the seat of the Papacy, the rival claims of France and Spain, all contributed to give to its smaller towns a history and a nobility which almost rivals in distinction that of its greater cities. Nearly every town was a centre of mental activity. Art, war, and the Church, opened out careers for her sons. And while naturally the capitals, and they were many, attracted the most gifted, modern centralization was unknown, and the distinguished artist, the general of European fame, the cardinal or archbishop left behind him some distinct mark of his affection for his former home; while their family, ennobled by their success, wore their new honours with special pleasure in the place of their birth. This it is that makes Italy a country of inexhaustible riches in historical and artistic interest; hardly any place, however unimportant as to size, but has so much to boast of as to make those who dwell there proud to be its inhabitants.

Among the many lesser cities of Tuscany, its very name unknown to most tourists, Montepulciano holds up its head with all the pride of a great stock, and claiming Porsenna as its founder, records with great satisfaction a long list of worthies who have made its name, so its people think, famous throughout the world. Father Sacchini, the Jesuit historian of his order, calls it, *Magna parens virtutum*—"Virtues' mighty mother." One name at least, though half concealed under its Latinity, has made the Etruscan town known to all scholars. Angiolo Cini, one of the greatest lights of the renaissance in the fifteenth century, and tutor to Piero Medici and his brother Leo the Tenth, goes by the title of *Politianus*.

The sixteenth century witnessed the result of the great accumulation of power in the hands of a few. The free cities of Italy, with the loss of their independence, sunk down to the rank of mere provincial towns, whose children sought their

promotion at the seat of governments or at Rome. But the strengthening of the hands of the Italian princes did little for the emancipation of their country while Spain held the whole of the kingdom of Naples and the Milanese. The political power of Genoa was but small, and the minor sovereigns were courtiers either of Spain or France, or subjects of the Emperor. The Popes, though more or less dependent on the influence of the great European powers, still, from their position as Head of the Church, and not a little owing to the statesmanlike qualities and firmness they displayed, were of all the rulers of Italy the most free, the most Italian.

Montepulciano, like her old rival Siena, had fallen under the rule of the Medici, and became one of the lesser towns of that country, so rich in beauty, in art, in history, the Duchy of Tuscany. In one corner of that lovely country, which is broken and mountainous like the province of Umbria on which it abuts, amidst rich oak-covered hills, and diminutive lakes, not far off from the historic Thrasymene, the city of Montepulciano may be seen for miles round throned on a lofty ridge, its buildings, its walls, and towers, raised high above the vineyards and olive trees that cover the sides of the hill. It tells at once its own tale of wars and party strife; while the churches and monastic buildings, whose vast masses and lofty towers stand out over the house-tops, show that faith has been strong and practical there. The campanile of the Municipal Palace, or Town Hall, surmounted by a fantastic heraldic dragon, is the most striking object from a distance, and in front of it is a piazza to which the principal street ascends by a long and steep incline. As in all the towns of Tuscany, this street is paved with great blocks of stone of irregular form, much as the roads of ancient Rome. From the terraces near the piazza a vast panorama is unrolled. Cortona on its rocky height is seen to the east. Perugia is hidden by the ridge of hills which shut out the valley of the Tiber. At your feet, stretching far east and south, is the rich Val di Chiana, covered with vineyards, and corn fields, and olive grounds, while every vantage ground on the hill-side below bears those precious grapes from which is made the rare Montepulciano, *ad ogni vino il re*—"the king of wines."<sup>1</sup>

The cathedral replaced the old parish church, of which nothing remains but the lofty campanile of the fifteenth century,

<sup>1</sup> Redi. *Bacco in Toscana*.

and some superb sculptures of Donatello, which once formed the mausoleum of the poet and literary man Bartholomew Aragazzi, Chamberlain to Martin the Fifth. The architect of the present building was Bartholomew Ammanati, who designed the Roman College. No less than seventeen religious houses existed once in the town, and several members of these communities have been raised to the dignity of Blessed. One of these had the privilege of entertaining St. Francis of Assisi at his house. Just outside the northern gate is the convent and tomb of St. Agnes of Montepulciano, one of the first nuns of the Dominican rule, whose body remains to this day incorrupt in a church of the end of the seventeenth century, in a shrine raised behind its high altar. The cloisters of older date were decorated at the expense of Signor Guido de' Nobili, and Cardinals Tarugi and Bellarmine. At some distance further from the walls is an exquisite church, built by San Gallo in the days of Leo the Tenth. Its architecture, as the name of the architect is enough to assure to us, is of the purest Italian. In the modern revival of Roman architecture, it is very much to be regretted that the debased churches of the seventeenth century, and not the works of the beginning of the fifteenth, those of Bramante, San Gallo, or Brunelleschi, are taken for our models. The church, a shrine of our Lady, owes its foundation, like so many others, to the miraculous apparition of a picture left on the ruined walls of an earlier church. The chapel of the Madonna is from the chisel of the Albertini. A graceful building with double open arcade, also by San Gallo, erected for the canons of the church, is close by. A bright green sward is all around forming a fitting stand for so elegant a building.

At the other end of the town there was, in the sixteenth century, an ancient picture, set in a precious frame, of Luca della Robbia; it stood at the gate leading into the gardens of the Avignonesi family. A gambler in a fury struck the picture four times with his dagger, and the blood spurted out. A consistorial advocate sent down from Rome to examine the miracle touched reverently one of the marks, and blood again began to flow. The Avignonesi offered the site for a Chapel of Reparation, and the care of it having been given to the Carmelites, the present church was erected, and in 1605 Abbot Marquis Guido de' Nobili, built the graceful atrium with the two rooms above, to which he loved to retire, wearied

with the cares and splendour of a prelate's life in Rome. Within the walls is the church formerly belonging to the Jesuits, with the college, now the bishop's seminary, at one side. The church, first designed by Arigoni of Milan, was afterwards put into the hands of the well-known Brother Pozzo, whose clever but theatrical frescoes, bad of a bad time, disfigure or adorn the vault of St. Ignatius at Rome. When the walls had got up to the roof, it was found they could not resist the thrust of the vault, and the professor of perspective was put on one side, and a professional man, Cipriani of Rome, changed the design for a third time. It was finally consecrated in 1714, and is a fine church for the period in which it was built. Many substantial houses, some of considerable architectural merits, meet one in the streets; the Casa Bambagli is of pointed architecture, the Palazzi Avignonesi and Cini are remarkable works of the sixteenth century renaissance. There are two or three Gothic doorways of churches, whose main structure is of later date.

But to return to the great square. Its south side is occupied by the cathedral. On its east is the Palazzo del Municipio. Just at the south-east corner a street runs down alongside of the eastern side of the church. The third house is only noticeable for a large gateway leading into the courtyard; but two windows in the second story are surrounded with stonework, and one of these is blocked up, as well as the loggia or open gallery at the top. There is an air of poverty about it, with a suggestion of better days that had gleamed out, but only for a short space, on the family to whom it belonged. Between the completed windows, and on the angle of the house at a side street, are scutcheons, bearing six pine cones arranged pyramidically, though the pyramid is inverted. Beneath the first is an inscription—

Domus Venerabilis Roberti Cardinalis Bellarmini.<sup>2</sup>

On entering we find an open colonnade runs round two sides of the square courtyard, the staircase going up at the farther angle, and a great well stands before us. The house is large, and of four stories, the second, the *piano nobile*, having no less than seventeen rooms. One of these has a fresco of our Lady, with the Holy Child and St. Joseph, on one of its walls. Tradition says this chamber served for Robert

<sup>2</sup> The house of the Venerable Cardinal Robert Bellarmine.



Bellarmino's oratory when a boy. In this house the illustrious Cardinal was born on St. Francis of Assisi's day, October 4th, 1542.

The Bellarmine family were well known from the fourteenth century, not only as holding high places as Gonfalonieri, Anziani, administrators of the Signoria in the government of their native town during the years of its freedom, and after, but they filled important posts abroad, both civil, military, and ecclesiastical. Some had been ambassadors of the Popes, or kings, or emperors. Others had taken part in solemn councils. There were prelates of this family, nuncios, bishops at the court of John the Twenty-third; Angiolo Bellarmine was with Martin the Fifth, Conrad Bellarmine, canon of St. Peter's, was nuncio to Germany in the reign of Pope Nicholas the Fifth. They were closely connected with other families of Montepulciano and of Florence, well known to history. The Nobili boasted that they came into Italy with Otho the Third, towards the close of the tenth century, and they were descended from his royal house. For at least a century they were the lords of Civitella, a town just across the Tuscan frontier on the road to Forlì, once a place of importance. Theodoric built himself a palace there. We find ten of the family consuls of Orvieto at various intervals during three centuries, the first recorded being Manente Nobili, governor in 1017. In 1460, Guido di Giovanni, the son of John Nobili, retired to the more peaceful town of Montepulciano, still retaining a house in Orvieto and property near to it, which the family held for two centuries after that date. Guido was adopted by an inhabitant of the town of his choice, to whose estates he succeeded. His wealth and nobility soon raised him to the highest position in Montepulciano. One of Guido's sons became provost of the collegiate church, while another, Robert, married Louisa, sister to the future Julius the Third. Robert's son, Pier Francesco, was a prelate of high standing, and filled important posts under the Popes. Pier Francesco's brother Vincent, the lord of Civitella, had four sons, the eldest of whom became the saintly Cardinal Robert de' Nobili.

When in 1550 Cardinal Gianmaria del Monte became Pope under the title of Julius the Third, he at once created his nephew, Vincent de' Nobili, general of the Papal cavalry, took his son under his special protection, and made him

cardinal when but a boy of little more than twelve years old. The extraordinary holiness and precocious talents of Robert seem to excuse the Pontiff's act. He had at that age studied not only literature, but even philosophy, while his prayers, his penance and humility, were still more wonderful. Nor was the remainder of his life less glorious than its morning. Death came when he was not much more than seventeen years old, but he had lived a long life by the fulness of his days. St. Charles, Cardinals Bellarmine and Baronius, all spoke of him as a saint and took him as a model, and Urban the Eighth joined his name with those of St. Charles and Bellarmine in a sonnet he wrote in their honour. Catharine, a sister of Cardinal de' Nobili, married the great Captain Sforza, Sforza Nobili, who married Francis Bellarmine, and the illustrious apostle of Madurá, Father Robert de' Nobili, S.J., were children of the Cardinal's brother, another Pier Francesco. The two children of Catharine Sforza, nephew and niece of Cardinal Nobili, were Cardinal Francis Sforza, and Constantia who married James Buoncompagni, Duke of Sora, son of Hugh Buoncompagni, afterwards Gregory the Thirteenth.

The Tarugi were connected with the reigning house of Tuscany, and the Papal family of Del Monte; one of the grand uncles of Cardinal Tarugi, the Oratorian, being Clement the Seventh. Tarugi's mother, Julia del Monte, was the sister or the niece of Julius the Third. Fiametta Tarugi was the wife of Thomas Bellarmine, the grandfather of Cardinal Bellarmine.<sup>3</sup> The Del Monte, whose real name was Giochi, or Ciocchi, came originally from Monte Sansovino near Arezzo. The Cardinal Antony was the first to assume the new name, and not only did his brother's family adopt it, but the husband of his sister Margaret, and his great niece Christofera. One of his sisters, Catharine, married Fabian Pucci, a patrician of Montepulciano. Anthony was educated in Montepulciano, became archpriest of the collegiate church, and received the honour of citizenship. He looked upon himself, therefore, as one of the townsmen, and when he became a cardinal built himself a splendid palace, from a design of San Gallo, opposite to the cathedral. His nephew, Giani-Maria, afterwards Pope Julius the Third, was also inscribed on the roll of the citizens of Montepulciano.

<sup>3</sup> We find members of the family in the French and Imperial armies, and Tarugio Tarugi was *maestro della guardia* of Charles the Fifth.

The Cervino family were also clearly connected with the Bellarmines, the Nobili, and the Benci of Montepulciano, and the Machiavelli of Florence. It had the special glory of having one of its members, a native of Montepulciano, on the Chair of St. Peter. Richard Cervino, by his first wife Cassandra Benci, was father to Marcellus the Second; while Richard's daughter by his second marriage, Cynthia, married Vincent Bellarmine, the father of the great Cardinal. Piera, whole sister to Marcellus, married Anthony Tarugi. Cynthia's brother, Alexander, married his niece, Gerolima, the sister of Cardinal Robert Bellarmine, and one of his sons was the Richard Cervino, who entered the Society of Jesus with Robert. Curiously enough, a nephew of Richard married another Bellarmine, while two sisters of Marcellus the Second married two gentlemen of Montepulciano, each called Mancini. The Benci were great people in their native town. Fabian Benci in the fifteenth century was nuncio in Poland, in Hungary, and to the Republic of Genoa. Spinello and Sinulfo Benci were, in the sixteenth century, the two first bishops of Montepulciano; and another Spinello Benci, in the next century, was secretary to Leo the Tenth, and to another of the Pope's family, John Charles Medici, after cardinal, son of the Grand Duke John Gaston. The Ricci, one of whose number merited the title of Pater Patriæ owing to the services he rendered to Montepulciano in peace and war, are the chief family of the place, and seem to date their great glory from the Cardinal John of that name, who died Archbishop of Pisa in 1574.

Montepulciano, in the fourteenth century, fell under the power of the Sienese, but it became free in 1538. In the fifteenth century the Florentines possessed it, but by a sudden rising in 1495 the inhabitants threw off their yoke, and put themselves under the protection of the Sienese. In 1510, the famous Nicholas Machiavelli came as ambassador to Siena to demand back, in the name of Florence, the town of Montepulciano. The place was given up by an agreement which was approved by the citizens. In 1557, Siena shared the fate of its smaller neighbour and was annexed by Cosmo dei Medici, to whom it was delivered by treaty, King Philip the Second handing it over to his ally, much as Napoleon gave Venice to Victor Emmanuel, while the Spanish monarch reserved to himself the Presidi or maritime fortresses of the Sienese territory. The very out of the way position of the town has

hitherto sheltered it from the revolutionary propaganda, and its population keep the faith and morality of better days.

The Bellarmine family is now extinct, and their property has passed to the Tarugi, one of whom is now the worthy sindaco of his native town.

F. G.

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*A Norman Song.*


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WHEN the earth from sleep is waking  
 After winter's frozen trance,  
 And a warmer sun is making  
 All things bright beneath his glance;  
 When the spring again is bringing  
 Back the swallow's merry singing,  
 And her mantle green is flinging  
 O'er the pleasant fields of France;  
 Home again I'll come to thee,  
 My sweet birth-land, Normandy!  
 I have seen the châteaux bonnie  
 Of the Switzer's mountains dear,  
 Italy so bright and sunny,  
 Venice and its gondolier;  
 But though fair each land displaying  
 Beauties where my feet were straying,  
 Still my faithful heart was saying  
 That my own has not its peer;  
 None are beautiful like thee,  
 My sweet birth-land, Normandy!  
 There's a time when fancy's riot,  
 Fancy's dreamings all are past,  
 When the spirit longs for quiet,  
 When the thoughts are backward cast;  
 Then, when all my songs are over,  
 All my lays of love and lover,  
 Then at length—no more a rover—  
 Then, I'll hie me home at last;  
 Back again I'll come to thee,  
 My sweet birth-land, Normandy!  
 To my meadows then returning,  
 I will sing the self-same lay  
 That I breathed with weary yearning  
 In the countries far away;  
 To my mother, sitting near her,  
 I will sing again to cheer her,  
 Songs that will but seem the dearer,  
 Now that she is old and grey;  
 I will sing my love for thee,  
 My sweet birth-land, Normandy!

## *Studies in Biography.*

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### III.—THE ABBE DE ST. CYRAN (PART I.).

IN the fifteenth or sixteenth century—it seems uncertain which—there was a scarcity of provisions in Bayonne and the neighbourhood. A rich young man, by name Du Vergier, held some important post in the municipal government of the town, and by a skilful administration of the public resources, to which he added very largely from his own substance, he managed to bring in abundant supplies of corn, which he distributed freely and largely, and so saved a considerable portion of the inhabitants from starvation. The people may have shown their gratitude in many ways of which we are not told, but they did this also by giving their public-spirited fellow-citizen the name of De Hauranne, “the good young man,” and this name was kept in his family, and descended, along with no small portion of the good things of this world, to one who bore it in the latter decades of the sixteenth and in the seventeenth century, and who made it more famous, though not more honourable, than it had ever been while the celebrity of the family was confined within the walls of Bayonne. This Jean du Vergier de Hauranne was born in 1581, of a father very well to do in point of riches, who lived quietly in his native city, devoted to commerce, married a virtuous lady of the same place, and had a family of four sons and two daughters, whom he did not live to see grow up. Jean was the eldest of the family, and must have well advanced in his teens when his father died. It would have been most natural and reasonable for him to have stayed at home, and taken his father’s honourable place in the city, helping his mother in the management of her affairs until he was able to take them altogether into his own hands. But the young man had already shown an aptitude for letters, and desired to be a great scholar; so, after running through the career of studies which was open to him at Bayonne, he

got his mother's leave to proceed to Paris and render himself perfect in the higher branches of learning.

Du Vergier reached the great University in the more quiet times brought on by the peace of Vervins, when learning began again to flourish under the protection of Henri Quatre. But this young student from Bayonne did not take to the schools at Paris. He lodged by chance in the same *pensionnat* with a student from Orleans, afterwards to become a very famous Jesuit theologian, one Denis Petau. Petau used in after life to speak of him as of a strange restless yet uncommunicative character, with whom he could never get on. It seems that the Bishop of Bayonne, Bertrand Deschaux, was a patron and friend of Du Vergier, and, as he was much attached to Louvain, it may have been his influence that determined the student to go thither for his course instead of remaining in Paris. To Louvain Du Vergier went, as Deschaux himself had done before him, and strange as it may appear considering all the circumstances of the time, and especially, also, considering what was to be his own future career, he entered himself as a student of theology in the College of the Society of Jesus. His bishop had done the same, and we must probably account for this step on the part of Du Vergier in the same way as for his going to Louvain at all.

The step would require explanation, at that time, in any one. The history of the Society of Jesus has always shown it high in the confidence of the most enlightened rulers of the Church, and in the time of which we are speaking it had the support of many of the most Christian rulers in the State also. But its history has always been that of a body opposed, thwarted, and hindered in its labours, by many men who might have been expected to be its friends, and it has had many a tough struggle to bear in order to be allowed to work for God's glory, especially with learned bodies on whom its success and popularity seemed to throw comparative discredit. When Du Vergier went to Louvain, things were not very bright with the Society there. The University had not forgotten the troubles which had been occasioned by the teaching of one of its own great lights, Michael Le Bay, or Baius, in the opposition to whom, as in his condemnation, members of the Society, Bellarmine, Lessius, and Toletus, had played a conspicuous part. Baius had submitted, and the University with him, to the decision of Rome, but the



jealousies and animosities created by the contest were not extinct; indeed, they had broken out a little later in an attack on Lessius, who had been condemned by the University, but whose orthodoxy had been vindicated by Sixtus the Fifth himself. The Society had now experienced a serious reverse at the hands of Clement the Eighth, who had lately forbidden them to hold schools of philosophy at Louvain. His reason was not, of course, any fear of want of orthodoxy on the part of the Fathers, but the complaints of the existing professors of the University, who were in danger of losing their pupils under such formidable competition. A sum of money had been left to the Jesuit College by the Bishop of Antwerp, for the foundation of two professorships of philosophy. Leave was given by the Government, who sent letters-patent in the name of the King of Spain for the purpose, and the schools were actually opened at the end of 1603. The University had remonstrated in vain with the Royal Council, and had then sent Gerard Voss to Rome to appeal to the Pope. Clement the Eighth took the side of the University, and although some delay was made in carrying out his decision, the General of the Society, Claudius Aquaviva, sent a peremptory order for the closing of the classes, which was at once obeyed.

These incidents show the state of feeling at Louvain, when, a little before the time of this contest with the Jesuits on the subject of their philosophical schools, Jean du Vergier came to the University. There were many friends and partisans of Baius in the body, and most of them were well enough inclined to make the Jesuits the victims of a reaction which was certain to enlist the sympathies of many who were by no means disciples of Baius in point of doctrine. Whenever an occasion occurred, or a leader presented himself capable of arranging an attack without compromising the orthodoxy, or apparent orthodoxy, of the assailants, there was no little likelihood of an outbreak. An occasion, as we have seen, actually came on the affair of the philosophy schools. A leader was not so easily found; but there was a certain Jansson there, an elderly man, as it seems, desirous above all things to organize some scheme which might revenge Baius by the discomfiture of the Jesuits, and moreover, as it happened, an (almost) namesake of his, had already appeared at Louvain, the man whose name was destined to be connected for ever with one of the most fatal of all modern attacks, under the name of

antiquity, upon orthodoxy, which was also to be animated by intense jealousy and hatred of the Society of Jesus, a jealousy and a hatred which were in the end to make it their victim. As the Arians failed in their assault on the faith, but succeeded in making the life of St. Athanasius a life of perpetual persecution, so were the Jansenists to fail in their attempt to corrupt the doctrine of the Church, but to have a large amount of success in their personal war against the Society of Jesus.

Cornelius Janssen (Johnson) was a few years younger than Du Vergier de Hauranne, having been born at Arkoy in Holland in the year 1585. His family was poor and obscure, but rigidly Catholic, and at that time there was no pressure put by the Protestant Government to force on the children of Catholics a Protestant education. Poor as they were, his parents sent him to school at Utrecht, and he seemed to promise well with his studies; his industry and application were unusual. After making his course of humanities and rhetoric, he was obliged to give up study and take to the trade of a carpenter. After a time he was able to get back to Utrecht to study philosophy, and then, at the age of seventeen, he went as a servant to Louvain, on the understanding that he might at the same time go on with his studies. At Louvain he was befriended and advised by the Jesuit Fathers, especially the Père Sucquet, the famous author of the *Via Vitæ Æternæ*, who was a distinguished preacher. Janssen became an ardent student, and was about to apply himself to theology, when his health broke down from over application, and he was advised to try the air of France. He had already applied for admission into the Society of Jesus, but the Fathers were not satisfied either as to his abilities or his disposition, and his application met with a refusal. The story runs that his pride was exceedingly wounded by this refusal, which came just at the time when the Fathers were doing all in their power to help him in his intended journey to France, and that the young man's mind was now skilfully worked upon by the old disciple of Baius, residing in the University, who took the opportunity of filling him with the idea that some one was wanted to take up the work which had failed in the hands of that doctor, on account of the opposition of the modern scholastics, and especially of the Jesuits—the work of restoring the great St. Augustine to the honours due to him in Christian schools, and establishing his doctrine of predestination and grace

in that paramount authority which had for many centuries been denied to it.

It would appear, at all events, that Janssen, or, as we may at once call him, Jansenius, was alienated from the Society of Jesus at this time, and formed that intimacy with Du Vergier, which was to bear so much fruit in the after life of both. It would also seem that it was the companionship of Jansenius and Du Vergier at Bayonne during several years which followed upon the time of which we are speaking, which turned the theology of both of the companions into the bad groove from which it never emerged. The direction which their views took may certainly have been determined by the echoes of the doctrine of Baius which were floating in the air in the University of Louvain, and perhaps also by the personal influence of one or more of his actual disciples. But it does not seem an ascertained fact that either Jansenius or Du Vergier were at first conscious of any design to revolutionize Catholic doctrine, or even of any settled plan of hostilities to the Society. Du Vergier, at all events, frequented the schools of their College at Louvain at a time when they were under a sort of bar, and he made his public defension at the end of a course of four years with much distinction. It appears, however, that they had no power to give him a degree in theology, for when he returned to Paris and was thinking of undertaking a disputation on the theology of St. Thomas there, it was objected to him that he had no right to do this, not having a degree. It appears also that at that time the course of theology in the Jesuit College at Louvain was considerably shorter than the usual University course.

Du Vergier appears to have attracted the attention of some of the most distinguished men at Louvain during his stay; among others, that of the celebrated Justus Lipsius, who may unconsciously have given him a bias in a dangerous direction by advising him to relieve the dryness of his theological studies by reading the Greek and Latin Fathers for himself. Lipsius probably wished to help the young student, in whom he took a great interest, to gain a good style, for he was not either ready or graceful in speaking or writing. Du Vergier finished his course in 1604, and after a short stay at Paris, where he found Jansenius, who had left Louvain before him, he yielded to the earnest entreaties of his mother, who was continually begging him to come home and help her in the management of her

affairs. He yielded, at least, so far as to return to Bayonne ; but when he had arrived he told his mother that he was made for higher things than the kind of business in which his father had been employed, shut himself up in a country home on a height over Bayonne looking towards the sea, and devoted himself to study, seldom leaving his retreat or ever receiving visits, except those of the bishop, who had always been his patron, and was now charmed with his resolute devotion of himself to books and the pursuit of learning. For two years Du Vergier had no companion, help, or guide, in his studies of the Fathers ; after that time he wrote to Jansenius, begging him to come and join him. Jansenius came, and the two friends began to lead a life of close study together. Each one worked separately at his books all the morning, and after dinner they walked together and discussed what they had been reading. They had very few visitors, except as before, the bishop. Rumour was busy with their manner of life, and people readily supposed that something great would come of so much learning and application. Their great subject of study, above everything else, was St. Augustine.

The truth probably is that they worked very hard, and like most self-taught men, very injudiciously. We can hardly call them self-taught, for they had had good teachers of theology ; but even a good theological training does not enable a student to dispense with guidance in the study of the Fathers and Church history ; and two confused minds do not become less confused by being perpetually rubbed together and deprived of other companionship. Du Vergier had led this sort of life for as much as eleven years, when their retirement was broken up in the way which will presently be mentioned. In the interval, however, occasional flashes—not of light exactly, but of eccentricity—issued from the obscurity in which the two friends were enveloped, and these flashes did not seem to promise any very great benefit to the Church from all this study. Du Vergier seems to have made his *debut* as an author in 1609, in a book which did not do him much credit. The Bishop of Bayonne, whose family was noted both for nobility and loyalty, was a great favourite with Henri Quartre, and made frequent visits to his royal master at Paris. In one of them he came in on a dispute, which was making some noise at the Court, on a question which is certainly somewhat characteristic of the times. The question whether, if the King

were besieged in a fortress, which ought to stand a long siege, but in which provisions ran short, he had a right to kill and eat one of his guards, or whether he ought rather to surrender.<sup>1</sup> We are told that the ladies were in favour of the more humane opinion, but that some of the courtiers were strongly convinced that, as the King had the right of life and death over his subjects, he had a full right to kill and eat them if he chose, and that the King himself had no doubt as to the extension of his royal prerogative to such a case. The Bishop of Bayonne—we are not told which side of the argument he maintained—spoke to them of the wonderful learning of his *protégé* Du Vergier, and it was arranged that he should be commissioned to write upon the subject. Du Vergier accordingly set to work; but when his work the *Question Royale* appeared, it was found to have obscured the whole matter in dispute, and to have treated the question as if it turned upon the right of a man to commit suicide. It may interest certain modern philosophers to know that they have the authority of Du Vergier de Hauranne for the opinion that under certain circumstances, suicide is innocent and lawful. "To the pure all things are pure"—and though it is so abominable to murder another, you may put your own conscience in order before you murder yourself, and this makes the difference. Such is the account given us of the argument of this strange work. It is fair to add that some authors look upon it as a *jeu d'esprit*, and do not suppose Du Vergier to have been guilty of more than one of those ponderous jokes which men of erudition enjoy, while the rest of the world find them very dull.<sup>2</sup>

Soon after this, Du Vergier was made a Canon of Bayonne, but he would only accept this dignity on condition that he was dispensed from attendance in choir except on Sundays and great festivals. In this capacity of canon he wrote another strange work—a defence, against a zealous Capuchin preacher, of an ancient custom of the cathedral, whereby a real lamb with its throat cut was presented on the altar when masses for the dead were celebrated. This work is said to have shown great asperity and bitterness. These anecdotes form almost all that we know of Du Vergier during these long years of his retreat.

<sup>1</sup> Other accounts put the precise question in another form, in which, however, it is the same as to principle.

<sup>2</sup> See St. Beuve, *Port Royal*, l. i. cap. xi.

It was not till 1617, when he was thirty-six years old, that he appeared in that larger world of French ecclesiastical society, in which he was to leave behind him so conspicuous a name. When, after the murder of the Marechal d'Ancre, the arch-episcopal see of Tours became vacant by the resignation of the brother-in-law of the murdered favourite, who could not bear to remain in France after the inhuman execution of his sister—which followed on her husband's death—Bertrand Deschaux was made his successor, having some reason for wishing to leave Bayonne, where he had quarrelled with the governor of the province. This broke up the little trio of whom we have been speaking. The departure of the bishop was a terrible blow to Du Vergier, who obtained, by his recommendation, the post of theologian to the Bishop of Poitiers, Louis de la Rocheposé. Jansenius, who had been placed at the head of a college for the education of boys lately founded at Bayonne, was unwilling to remain behind his two friends, and received just at this time an invitation to return to Louvain, where it was thought that he might easily obtain a better post. He took with him two nephews of Du Vergier, who were to begin their studies in the Jesuits' College at Louvain. A new secular college, named after St. Pulcheria, was at this time built and opened at Louvain, and the friends of Jansenius obtained his nomination as its Superior. There for the present we must leave him—indeed, he changed his place of abode but seldom during his whole life—in order to follow the career of Du Vergier, the more immediate subject of our present paper.

If Du Vergier had spent the time of his long seclusion at Bayonne in training his own character and conquering his nature as well as in ardent study, his appearance in what may be called the great world of ecclesiastical France at the mature age of thirty-six would have been that of a man who might at once have taken up a commanding position and have become an instrument of great power for the glory of God. To men of his character, full of fire and impulse, it is often no disadvantage to have waited long before they have begun to come forward, and if their years of rest have been usefully spent, they can start at once with all the vigour of youth and all the ripeness and solidity of mature growth. But Du Vergier began very soon to show pride, arrogance, an untractable disposition, as well as much narrowness of mind, want of tact, and even positive ignorance. His position with the Bishop of Poitiers gave him



much importance, all the more, as it seems, on account of the character of the prelate, a man of high and ancient family, fond of station and dignity, easily led to listen to those who might exaggerate his power, and not balanced by any very large amount of theological learning or asceticism.

The first thing which we hear of Du Vergier at this time is that he mixed himself up with, if he did not originally set on foot, a disturbance of the ecclesiastical peace of the good citizens of Poitiers, in which it is quite clear that he was on the wrong side as well as on the strict side. An opinion was set afloat in the town which was sure to cause alarm to consciences. This new doctrine was that every one was bound, under pain of mortal sin, to be present at the high mass in the parish churches on the Sundays, and, as may be supposed, festivals of obligation. We are not told whether the end at which the framers of this novelty aimed was to prevent people from frequenting the non-parochial or religious churches on Sundays, or to discredit attendance at low mass as sufficient for the obligation. The origin of this doctrine is attributed to Du Vergier; at all events, he threw himself into the dispute with his usual impetuosity. It is said that he got the bishop to send a noted Capuchin preacher into the pulpit of one of the parish churches with orders to preach this doctrine. The people attributed the whole measure to a dislike of the Jesuits, who had a college and a church in the town. At all events, the fathers were consulted, and the Rector thought it well to tell one of his professors who taught what we now call "moral theology," to treat the question in a lecture, and to write a small treatise in order to satisfy the consciences of the people. The professor, a Père Viguier, performed his task so conclusively as to turn public opinion and even public ridicule upon the adventurous preacher and his prompter, Du Vergier. The latter at once represented to the bishop that his authority was being set at naught, on which the bishop sent his Vicar-General to the college to forbid the class of "cases of conscience," which he had himself founded a year before, to proceed, as well as to inhibit the meetings of the Congregation of our Blessed Lady, which, as was often the case in cities where the Jesuits were established, numbered among its members many of the chief gentlemen of the city and province. It happened that the Vicar-General appeared at the college just as the classes were dispersing, and the throng of boys treated him with some

disrespect. All was laid on the shoulders of the Jesuits, notwithstanding their apologies and expressions of regret, and they were at once forbidden to hear the confessions of any of the convents in the town.

Occasions less serious than that of these disturbances at Poitiers have often given rise to lasting miseries in a town or in a diocese, for when steps like those just mentioned have been taken by a bishop, it is not easy for him to retrace them, even when he is conscious that he has made a mistake. The power or influence of the Court was at this time very paramount in France, and at the instance of the abbess of one of the convents in Poitiers, a daughter of the Prince of Orange, the King ordered an inquiry to be made into the matter, which ended in a revocation of all the prohibitions which had been inflicted upon the Jesuits. We may presume that the doctrine as to the obligation of assisting at the high mass in parish churches was tacitly dropped. Du Vergier had sustained a serious defeat, and if he had already begun to indulge in hostility to the Jesuits, he had now abundance of reasons for continuing in the same course. There were persons enough at Poitiers, unfortunately, jealous of the influence of the fathers, and, what is perhaps more to the point, there was a good deal of bad or doubtful theology afloat on the great question of the day, the question of grace and predestination, so that a person in credit for learning, who talked the exaggerated Augustinianism which it was so easy to extend into a disguised Calvinism, was pretty sure to find admirers and followers. The attraction which sombre and severe views of God's providence and decrees have for certain minds would be incredible if it was not too frequently a matter of fact to admit of doubt. Du Vergier had the advantage of a reputation for learning, and of considerable austerity of manner, which in those days of lax morality had a charm for the good and earnest which was often irresistible. We find him, therefore, insensibly assuming the position of a leader of thought, though he held himself generally in the background until people came and forced themselves upon him. It was difficult to make him out, and the charm of mystery added, no doubt, somewhat to the attraction. It appears that from the time of his joining the Bishop of Poitiers, his former patron, now Archbishop of Tours, held no more communications with him. Even the Bishop of Poitiers himself does not seem to have been altogether

satisfied with him. We must mention that in 1617 he had published another strange and paradoxical work in defence, this time, of the bishop, who, on some occasion as to which historians are not quite clear, took arms and fought in person to put down either an *emeute* or a Huguenot rising in the town. Du Vergier's work was an *Apology* for the bishop "against those who say that it is not permitted to ecclesiastics to have recourse to arms in case of necessity." He gives a long list of patriarchs and saints, bishops and the like, who have borne arms and made war without any scruple; beginning with Abraham and Samuel. If this was another *jeu d'esprit*, it was as ponderous and stupid as the former essay of Du Vergier. What the Bishop of Poitiers thought of it is not known; but he was certainly chagrined at the issue of the former business, into which his over-zealous theologian had led him. But he resigned, about two years after Du Vergier had left Bayonne, the Abbey of St. Cyran in Brenne, and obtained leave from the King to make his resignation in favour of his friend. Du Vergier was thus provided for, but the strictness of his theology in other matters did not extend to a severe view of the duty of residence in his abbey.

About this time Providence brought across his path one of the most distinguished men of the time, a priest of singular sanctity and of great gifts in the discernment of spirits. He was younger than St. Cyran—as we now call him—and his humility must also have prepared him for finding his new acquaintance superior to himself, and made him ready to sit at his feet. We are speaking of the Père de Condren, one of the great names of the French Oratory, which was at that time becoming prominent under the guidance of the Père de Berulle, afterwards Cardinal. Père de Condren was sent, about the time of which we are speaking, to make arrangements for the foundation of a house of the Oratory at Poitiers, and the negotiations, which did not, after all, succeed, occupied the space of a year and a half. We are not told that Père de Condren was all that time at Poitiers, but the frequency and length of his necessary visits, as well as the position of St. Cyran in the confidence of the bishop, made it natural that the two ecclesiastics should often meet, and it seems that a real intimacy sprung up between them, which might, under other circum-

stances, have been the means of correcting some at least of the extravagances and faults of the character of St. Cyran. If we cannot help regarding the meeting of the two as a Providential arrangement for the benefit of him whose soul was in the greatest need of assistance, it is also easy to understand how afterwards, when the influence of Père de Condren was removed, St. Cyran became more reckless and uncontrollable in following the dictates of his own judgment and fancy.

It may be worth while here to quote an account of the character of St. Cyran, drawn from the notes of his friend, though perhaps all the features of his portrait may not have been fully developed at the time of their first acquaintance. The account is drawn from a paper of Père Gibieuf, an Oratorian like De Condren, to whom the latter, when he became General Superior of the Congregation on the promotion of Père Berulle to the Cardinalate, communicated freely his conclusions as to Du Vergier. The Abbé de St. Cyran had, he tells us, an unusual amount of learning, and an acquaintance with philosophy and theology above the common average. He was a great reader of the Fathers, his mind was quick and industrious. These good qualities were accompanied by a spirit of singularity, a great love of novelties, an excessive inclination to take his own line in everything. Père Condren was filled with a charitable zeal to attempt to make his new friend a serviceable worker for the Church, and, notwithstanding many discouragements, he set to work to form in him the character of a true Christian, the renouncement of self, and contempt for that knowledge which puffeth up, in order that he might thereby gain true spiritual knowledge. For this purpose Père De Condren spared no pains to gain Du Vergier, opening his own heart freely to him, and communicating to him some of the gifts which he had received from God, and his own wonderful lights, asking his advice concerning them and seeking his approval. He succeeded so far in making an impression on Du Vergier, that it was remarked that he was more moderate in his company than with any others; but his own obstinate self-confidence, his narrow arrogance, and bitter prejudices were clearly blinding him, while he was now beset by the greatest of all dangers to a man of his character, that of applause, admiration, and flattery from a number of persons who were either desirous of making use of him for

their own ends, or who were more than half prepared to hail as an oracle and a leader any one who, with an appearance of learning and austerity, might undertake to put forward in a positive manner the errors and half-heresies to which they were themselves inclined.

It seems as if Père de Condren had either now or at a later time become acquainted with the designs which Du Vergier nourished—generally in strict secrecy—as to what he considered the necessary reformation of the Church. He let out that he thought that great errors had crept in; that the scholastic theology had injured the Church, not only in doctrine, but in morals. He sometimes spoke of the Church as a body altogether lost, of the Councils of the later centuries as not true Councils, and of the Council of Trent in particular as an assembly of politicians. He denied that the Holy Ghost dwelt in the Governors of the Church, and even that the hierarchical order was essential to her. His doctrines as to the Sacraments were extremely dangerous, tending to destroy them, or at least, to prevent their frequentation. He condemned the decision of the Council of Trent as to the confession of venial sins, which he discouraged, saying that the confession of such sins was not sacramental, and could furnish no sufficient matter for absolution. He deterred people from communion on the ground of the unfitness of all, except the perfectly pure in heart. He distinguished the two kinds of communion, and preferred what is now called "spiritual" communion, without the sacramental species, because it could be made at any moment. He was for introducing long penances both for priests and laymen, and as communion was not to be allowed until they were performed, this system tended to the suppression of "low" or private masses.

There is nothing in this account of Du Vergier about grace and predestination, but if errors on these heads are added to those already enumerated, we have a tolerably full outline of the false doctrines which were so soon to do so much mischief in France, and which were probably already lurking, at least in germ, in many minds besides that of St. Cyran. In order to understand the kind of success which attended him in subsequent years, we must take into consideration a great many elements which were then influencing minds in various ways and degrees. It was a time of great revival and of much fresh energy in the Church of France, but there were many difficult

questions which had been raised by the controversies of the Reformation still awaiting their full solution, there was much jealousy and party spirit afloat ready to lay hold of disputes as to doctrine as the occasions for personal conflicts. The Church in France was all the time far too much at the feet of the State and of the Court, and this state of things, if it put in some cases a ready remedy into the hands of orthodoxy when assailed, very naturally revolted many independent minds, and made the formation of an ecclesiastical "opposition" almost a matter of course. Rome was far off, and her arms and her voice did not always easily reach those who might have been corrected by her interference, while even good men did not hesitate sometimes to frustrate the execution of her decisions by a free use of impediments furnished by the usurpations of the civil power. Nor was it always easy to distinguish the crafty sower of false doctrine under the sheep's clothing, or to detect the venom which lurked under propositions and doctrines which effected austerity and sanctity, and claimed the sanction of antiquity. At this distance of time we can hardly imagine how so many good and earnest souls can have been led astray by St. Cyran and the early Jansenists, and how so many, who were not led astray, were yet to some extent and for a time on their side. The Oratory was spoiled by their influence, though Père de Condren himself discerned its true character. But for St. Vincent de Paul, the Congregation of the Mission might also have listened to them, and St. Vincent himself was at one time the friend of St. Cyran.

But it is time to mention the persons who were to be more immediately connected with St. Cyran as his disciples, and the place and community which became the head-quarters of his influence. "It was at Poitiers," says the historian of St. Vincent de Paul, "about 1620 that St. Cyran saw for the first time D'Andilly." (The occasion was a journey made thither by the Court to which Arnauld d'Andilly was attached.) "The two men became intimate at once. D'Andilly put St. Cyran in relations with his sister Angelique, and thus introduced him to Port Royal and the Arnauld family."<sup>4</sup> We need not begin our account of this celebrated family further back than with the father of Angelique and Arnauld d'Andilly. This was Antoine Arnauld, called the advocate, who was considered one of the most eloquent men of his time, though his speeches,

<sup>4</sup> Maynard's *Histoire de S. Vincent de Paul*, c. ii. p. 219.



or *plaidoyers*, as they survive to us, are not pleasing, on account of their affectation of learning, and by no means perfect in style or polish. One of these speeches was famous for a reason different from its intrinsic merit or importance, and came to be called the "original sin" of the family against the Jesuits. The University of Paris, as all historians tell us, was in perpetual warfare with the Society, the popularity and gratuitousness of whose schools made them formidable rivals to the more ancient teaching bodies. When, in 1593, Pierre Barrière made his attempt to assassinate Henri Quatre, the University seized the occasion to demand the expulsion of the Jesuits at the bar of the Parliament, and Antoine Arnauld was the advocate employed. Nothing but the extreme violence of the feelings of the time, coupled perhaps with the virulence of language indulged in by some of the ancient orators who were then followed as models, can excuse the wholesale abuse in which Arnauld's speech abounded. The College of the Jesuits, according to him, was the "workshop of Satan, in which all the assassinations of Europe for the last forty years have been forged or executed." The Fathers were the "true successors of the Arsacidæ or Assassins." We rather wonder that Prince Bismarck, or some of his English stipendiaries, have not raked up these old *plaidoyers* of Arnauld's. Perhaps, however, it is needless for them to take so much trouble. "The Jesuits are capable of everything," said the *Times* newspaper, on the morning after the arrival of the news of the attempt—real or collusive?—lately said to be made upon the German Chancellor. It need hardly be said that the charge was as false then as it is false now, but though the attempt against the Jesuits failed at the moment even with so prejudiced a body as the Parliament of Paris, the Jesuits were nevertheless expelled some months after, when Chastel made another attempt on the life of the King.

Antoine Arnauld was a man of influence and position, son-in-law to M. Marion, another famous advocate whose influence was also considerable, and Procureur Generale to the Queen Catharine de Medicis. Antoine and his father-in-law made no scruple of using their influence for the purpose of providing for their family. The issue of Antoine's marriage with Marion's daughter was numerous, and there were many girls whose future establishment had to be looked to. The eldest was to be settled in marriage: the two next were to be "sent into

religion." This meant, according to the detestable practice of the time, that they were to be nominated by the King as abbesses to convents, the revenues of which would maintain them in comfort, whether they had religious vocations or not. Jacqueline, the eldest of the two, was at the time of these negotiations, between seven and eight years of age: Jane, the younger, was between five and six. Both the King and the Abbot of Citeaux, the head of the Cistercians, who were then in a very relaxed state, helped in the business. The old abbess of Port Royal was to take Jacqueline as her coadjutor, with right of succession, and Jane was to have a Benedictine abbey, which was just then vacant, and was to govern it by deputy until she was twenty years of age. Jacqueline was blessed by the Abbot of Citeaux, and took the habit of a novice, in September 1599, and her sister went through the same ceremony in 1600. Jacqueline was then put in the convent at Maubuisson, also of the Cistercian Order, to be trained by an abbess whose presence in such a place shows the miseries to which the existing state of things had reduced religious orders in France. This lady was Madame Angelique d'Estrées, a sister of Gabrielle d'Estrées, the mistress of Henri Quatre. Angelique seems to have been as profligate as her sister, if not more so. While under her care, Jacqueline Arnauld was confirmed, and took the name Angelique out of compliment to the abbess. It is by this name that she is known in history. The new name, however, was taken for another purpose also. Rome had refused the bulls demanded for the appointment of Jacqueline Arnauld to the abbey of Port Royal, on account of her extreme youth. Soon after her confirmation fresh bulls were begged for by her father for "Angelique Arnauld, aged seventeen" (she was really nine), and by means of this fraud the ratification of her appointment was obtained, though not without some difficulty, on account of the bad impression produced by Antoine Arnauld's violence against the Jesuits.<sup>5</sup> So Jacqueline, or rather Angelique, was duly installed in the abbey in July,

<sup>5</sup> St. Beuve, *Port Royal*, l. 1, c. 10. The same author mentions a passage in Tallemant, from which it appears that a young advocate who had been forced to apologize to Arnauld for some hasty expressions in court, revenged himself by hunting up some of the Treasury accounts, and discovering that several grants of pensions were there enrolled, payable to members of the family for services rendered to the Crown, those members being still babies in the nursery at the time of the supposed services. The result was that as much as from twelve to fifteen thousand *livres per annum* had to be deducted from the income hitherto enjoyed by the Arnaulds.

1602, after the religious had gone through the form of electing her. Jane, the other and younger sister, is known in history by the name of the Mère Agnes, for which she changed her own.

Angelique was eleven years old when she was solemnly blessed as Abbess by the Superior of the Cistercians, and on the same day she made her first communion. She said her office punctually, and the rest of the day played about in the garden and cloister. On rainy days she read romances. Her mother paid her frequent visits—not without constant anxiety lest things should go wrong—but it appears that the convent went on fairly well. The nuns were few—at first thirteen, but one was as old as thirty-three, and Angelique's mother got rid of her, afterwards twelve. They lived in the most relaxed way that was compatible with the absence of scandal and vice, and they had for a confessor a Cistercian monk who could hardly understand the *Pater*, knew nothing of the catechism, and never opened a book except his breviary. The prioress, a sensible and simple person, managed what there was of discipline and business. So time went on. When Angelique got well into her teens she began to find her life very wearisome. Still she did not think at that time of giving it up, as she might have done, for her profession had been made when she was a mere child. She began to go out visiting in the neighbourhood, and had her sister over from her abbey to amuse her. She began to entertain the purpose of leaving her convent secretly, and getting married. She even thought of flying to La Rochelle, where she had some Huguenot aunts. But just at this time she had a dangerous fever, and was taken home to her father's house to be nursed. There she was much touched by the affection shown to her, and, though more confirmed in her love for worldly things, she became extremely unwilling to take any step which would be a blow to her parents. Her father took occasion one day to make her sign a paper without informing her of its contents; it turned out to be a ratification and renovation her vows. The trick nearly made her execute her meditated project of withdrawal. She returned to her convent, and was received by her nuns with an affection which surprised and touched her.

Now, however, a turn began. In the Lent of 1608 a chance sermon, preached by a passing Capuchin Father, on the humiliations of our Lord, went straight to her heart. She found out afterwards that the sermon was better than the preacher: but

it was made the instrument of arousing her soul to better things. We have not time to follow step by step all the details of her "conversion," which are told in a most interesting manner by the historians of Port Royal. Angelique was for a long time the prey to very conflicting feelings, which kept her in a state of extreme misery. She no longer thought of leaving religion. Her desire now was to give up her position as abbess and become a simple nun, reforming her life altogether in accordance with the obligations of her vows. She afterwards dated her stages of "conversion" by certain memorable days, days on which she received great "blows of grace," as they may be truly called, but the process was probably more gradual than it seemed in retrospect. There are, no doubt, those great and decisive moments in such processes, like the pitched battles of a campaign: but a campaign does not consist altogether of pitched battles. On the Feast of All Saints, 1608, she heard another sermon which moved her greatly. The ordinary preachers of the nuns were the "scholastics" or students in theology of the Cistercians—sent over from time to time, as it seems, to "try their prentice hand" upon the convents of the order. They were usually very insipid and unedifying preachers, who used to regale the nuns after their sermons with accounts of the amusements and relaxations which the degenerate state of Citeaux and its dependencies made common among them. Nevertheless, this second *coup de grace* to the soul of Angelique Arnauld came from the lips of one of these Cistercian scholastics, who preached, on the day mentioned above, on the last beatitude. One of the community said to Angelique when the sermon was over, "Madam, if you chose you might be one of those blessed persons who are persecuted for justice' sake." Some months after—she had made a general confession in order to gain a jubilee in the meantime—a more decisive movement was made which affected the whole convent. The sadness and anxiety of the abbess was noticed, and one of the religious asked her the cause. She said that the community would much rather do all that she wished than see her so unhappy. All her life Angelique seems to have had the gift of winning those with whom she lived, and it is a trait which deserves to be noticed in one of her rather hard and imperious nature. On the occasion of which we are speaking, Angelique assembled the nuns in chapter, and proposed that they should at once begin

to have all things in common—that is, to observe their rule of poverty in perfection, by surrendering each the small “properties” which she kept for her own use. There was one old dame who hung out a long time about a little garden which she had appropriated, and which was her delight and consolation: but with this exception, the proposal was carried and executed at once. This scene took place in Lent, 1609. The next step in the path of reform was the strict observance of the cloister. Strangers had hitherto been freely admitted to the convent on pretexts of all sorts: Angelique now determined that the rule must be observed in strictness. It was carried out at the next “clothing,” soon after Easter: the visitors were entertained in the “outquarters,” and not allowed to enter the convent. In carrying out this reform, Angelique’s greatest difficulty was with her own father and family. Antoine Arnauld was in the habit of doing very much as he liked at Port Royal, and, when the vacation of the Parliament set him free, it was his wont to pay long visits and bring his family with him, turning the convent into a sort of country house. In that year, 1609, he arrived one morning in September, with his wife, son, and two daughters, and a great battle, as it was afterwards considered, was fought by Angelique and her nuns against his admission. It went in the history of Port Royal by the name of the *Journée de Guichet*—much, as St. Beuve remarks, as other days have become famous, as the Day of Barricades, or the Day of Dupes. Angelique fainted inside the grate of the *parloir*, and M. Arnauld stormed and scolded and threatened, to no avail: for that time, at all events, the inviolability of the cloister was maintained triumphantly. An amusing incident of the story is that the poor Cistercian monk who had advised all these reforms ventured to appear on the scene as a peacemaker between the angry father and his child, and got most severely rated by the former for his pains. The rude eloquence which had heaped so many charges on the Jesuits must have been winged by a still more heartfelt anger in the tirade which Antoine Arnauld let fly upon the head of the unfortunate Cistercian. In the end, Angelique had, at all events, all the honour of a triumph. It was agreed that M. Arnauld should no longer enter the convent, except in the outquarters. Later on he was permitted to go in, in order to look after the buildings and garden. His wife and daughters had general leave to enter when they pleased, but Madame Arnauld, in her

excitement, had sworn never to set foot in Port Royal again, and it was some time before she was convinced that a rash oath ought not to be kept.

But we are yet at some years' distance from the time at which the Abbé de St. Cyran became known to the Mère Angelique, and we must renounce the pleasure of tracing at any length the history of what were, in truth, the brightest years of Port Royal, when the reform was still in its first fervour and vigour, and when the young abbess, with whatever faults of character, had not as yet become spoilt by success, taught to think herself a second St. Teresa, and, more than all, hardened by a mistaken system both of direction and theology into something very like the leader of a sect within the Church. During the years which intervened between the *Journée de Guichet* and the rise of the influence of St. Cyran, Port Royal had not only flourished in itself, but had become a source of new life and reformation to other religious communities. Angelique had been greatly assisted by Père Archange de Pembroke, an English gentleman who had become a Capuchin, and was highly esteemed as a directors, and the firm and gentle influences of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal had shone upon her. It is well known that Angelique at one time wished very much to join the new order of the Visitation, and that St. Jane might have admitted her but for the sagacious instinct of St. Francis.

We may give one short picture of what was perhaps the most striking episode of this period of Port Royal. It is that of the reform of Maubuisson, the abbey at which, it will be remembered, Angelique had been placed in her extreme youth. The scandalous life of Madame d'Estrées brought down upon her the strong hand of authority soon after the death of her protector, Henri Quatre. The Abbot of Cîteaux attempted the business, at first, in vain. One of his commissioners was imprisoned in one of the towers of the abbey, with all his suite, made to fast for four days on bread and water, and flogged every morning. The abbot next, having taken all possible precautions to secure the neutrality of the friends and relatives of Madame d'Estrées, went in person to make his visitation; but he could not get the abbess to appear. Then he appealed to the Parliament, and at last, furnished with a force of archers, set out on what was



almost a siege of one of his own abbeys. It was in February, 1618. The abbess adopted a device which was afterwards imitated by Jansenist nuns under different circumstances: she took to her bed and feigned illness. The door had to be broken in, and she was drawn half naked from her hiding-place, put on a mattress, and carried off to the *Filles Penitentes*.

The next step was to send the Mère Angelique to reform the convent, and she set out from Port Royal a few days after the forcible exit of Madame d'Estrées, accompanied by three or four nuns, leaving her younger sister, the Mère Agnes, who had for some years been with her, to govern her own convent in her absence. She had a hard task before her; the ignorance and laxness which reigned at Maubuisson would be almost incredible, if we were not taught by so many instances what religious men and women can become under bad management, and with an example of licence before their eyes in authority. The step which Mère Angelique took may have been the best under the circumstances, but it shows that the old religious in the convent were nearly hopeless. She introduced as many as thirty novices, generally poor but good girls; these she formed herself by continual attention, and trusted to them as to a leaven which might gradually regenerate the whole community. Not much more than six months, however, after the appearance of the nuns of Port Royal at Maubuisson, Madame d'Estrées escaped from her prison, and came back to her convent with a number of armed gentlemen as her allies. The doors were all locked, but a side door was opened to them by the treachery of one of the community who was in the plot. A struggle ensued, the details of which are more picturesque than edifying. The Mère Angelique behaved with great courage, and at last yielded only to force. Madame d'Estrées had her put into a carriage, but nine or ten of her religious sisters clung to the wheels, and the coachman, though ordered to drive on, was afraid to obey for fear of killing them. The matter ended for the moment in Mère Angelique getting out, and walking in procession at the head of thirty nuns—probably her own novices—to Pontoise, where they were most honourably received and lodged. Notice had been sent to Paris about the invasion of Madame d'Estrées, and an armed force soon appeared which put her and her partisans to flight, and the Mère Angelique and her nuns returned in triumph. Louis the Thirteenth, soon

after this, named a new abbess, a natural daughter of the Comte de Soisson, and by this step put an end to all danger from Madame d'Estrées. Mère Angelique remained more than a year at Maubuisson to help Madame de Soissons to govern the abbey, and then, as might have been expected, misunderstandings arose, and she returned to Port Royal, taking with her the thirty novices whom she had received, as it was thought that the revenues of Maubuisson were unable to support so large a number of undowried girls. The whole story, though it shows us the resolution and courage which Angelique inherited as part of her family character, seems also to reveal that she was one of those persons who must either be everything or nothing, who can only work in their own way, quite unfettered by others above and around them, and whose own way is the same in all cases alike, however dissimilar may be the circumstances of each. Angelique Arnauld would have given trouble to the most sagacious of directors and in the best governed of communities, and would probably have repaid the trouble which she had given by abundant fruits of usefulness and even of sanctity. Characters like hers are by no means hopeless, and when they are courageously and judiciously dealt with the result may be a very great increase of the glory of God. We are to see in our next paper what she and Port Royal became under the guidance of St. Cyran.

H. J. C.

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*The Madonna di San Sisto.*

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*This is the Vision that I see arise  
 Like heaven unveiled to my adoring eyes—  
 The spotless Virgin, poised in air serene,  
 With rapturous gaze and beatific mien ;  
 The Infant God, with His sublimest charms,  
 Throned in the clasp of her maternal arms ;  
 Uplift my ravished senses to the skies,  
 And bear me to the gates of Paradise !*

*And as, when erst on Thabor's holy sward,  
 To right, to left of earth's Transfigured Lord,  
 Wrapt in th' effulgence of that Form revered,  
 There Moses, there Elias reappeared ;*

So here, in ether, 'mid the clouds are seen,  
The glowing heaven's disparted veil between,  
In hoary age and blooming youth displayed,  
The reverent Pontiff and the sinless Maid :  
Sixtus discrowned as though his hand had strown  
Three crowns at once before the Great White Throne :  
And Barbara, bending as the Virgin-Bride  
Who waits the Bridegroom, with her lamp supplied.

Beneath, as though some casement in the sky  
Were opened once for mortals ere they die,  
Angelic types of those who do His will,  
Lean forth entranced on the celestial sill.

Lost in the blaze that makes their splendours dim  
Are cherub hosts and burning seraphim,  
In myriad myriads dwindling from the sight,  
Drowned in the depths of the Primeval Light.

The matchless whole a revelation seems  
Of art's divinest and serenest dreams.  
The God-like calm of that supernal brow  
The Babe's rayed curls th' Incarnate Word avow,  
Gleams of the glory that the heavens declare  
Stir in the radiant nimbus of His hair !  
And she, the Maiden Mother, whose sweet face  
Shines with the effluence of the Godhead's grace—  
Who shall define the infinite beauty shown  
In every line that marks her for His own ?  
Who shall describe the exquisite surprize,  
Love, peace, and joy of her seraphic eyes ?  
The wondrous worlds of grief and rapture blent,  
Consoled, assured in every lineament ?  
There, in the symbolled Eden of that glance,  
In the rapt bliss of that one countenance,  
The eye discerns, th' elated heart can find  
The loveliest, heavenliest attributes combined.  
No term of praise adorns the Song of Songs  
But to that rare, angelic book belongs.  
What phrase is in Loreto's Litany ?  
Look in that face—it claims th' apostrophe !

C. K.

*Dresden.*

### *Progress of Infidelity.*

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IT was lately our business to put before our readers a few thoughts on the progress which we suppose to have been made by the Catholic body in England for the last thirty or forty years. We have no reason to be dismayed, but much reason for thankfulness. Few and weak as we are, to all human appearance, we have the invincible might of truth as our heritage, and circumstances are enabling us to consolidate and regulate our forces, and present a compact and confident front to the many hostile influences by which we are surrounded. At the same time it must be remembered that there are some elements in the present position of things in this country the effect of which is more directly to weaken other bodies and other forms of belief than to strengthen our own. A fortress whose garrison is swollen by a collection of fugitives who have hitherto dwelt in fancied security in the open country around it, but who are now driven back upon it by the advance of an invading army, has its forces increased at the same time that it is exposed to threats of more immediate danger. There is never any danger that the forces of evil and falsehood should overwhelm the fortress of truth, so long as its defenders are staunch to their cause, for evil and falsehood are intrinsically weak in the face of good and of truth. Still, the condition of English thought at the present moment shows signs of the advance of unbelief as well as the strengthening of Catholic forces, and if unbelief is advancing in England, it becomes a matter of the utmost importance to ascertain the amount of its progress, and, as far as may be, to trace the line along which it has been made. Some increase of the number of declared unbelievers must always be the result of an increase of light. Some increase of the number of believers must, we may hope, always be the result of the destruction of theories and systems in which Catholic truth was mingled with an alloy of falsehood, or at least, held in an imperfect form. But the balance

may incline one way or the other way ; and the existence of a large preponderance in a community of the influences destructive of, and hostile to, religious beliefs, even of a lower order, cannot but be a subject of extreme alarm and sorrow. Even to take a range of consequences not of the highest kind, the tranquillity and legal order of a country are of immense importance for the work of the Church, who makes her priests pray daily, *diesque nostras in tua pace disponas*, and the tranquillity and legal order of a country depend in the main upon the morality, and the morality upon the religion, of its inhabitants.

We hear voices all around us that warn us of the approach of an age of infidelity, before which the social peace and happiness of the country may fall to ruin, as they fell to ruin in France at the end of the last century. The diffusion of shallow education has had something to do with it. The progress, so called, of scientific and historical research has had something to do with it. The controversial history of the Establishment in the last forty years has had something to do with it. Shallow education has enabled the masses to use the Protestant principle of private judgment more freely than before, and placed the sophistries of unbelief as well as licentious literature within the reach of all. The latter of these two prepares the way for the former. An age whose discoveries have been mostly physical has naturally welcomed materialism as the account of everything. The progress of science almost inevitably reveals from time to time facts, or apparent facts, which seem to conflict with received notions as to Scriptural statements and the world's history, and men are not patient enough to let new truths take the shape and position which belongs to them, in harmony with, and as true commentaries upon, old declarations and descriptions hitherto interpreted in accordance with other views of the facts. There may have been foolish and hasty defenders of orthodoxy, as well as presumptuous and arrogant champions of science ; but till the process first of ascertaining what is really true in what is new, and then of combining it with old truths, has been accomplished, unbelief has the advantage of all the impatience, the pride, and the secret rebelliousness of human nature, to assist it in proclaiming its own conclusions as certain conquests of enlightenment. And lastly, the perplexed multitude of contradictory teachings in the popular religion,

and the gradual sweeping away of the barriers which the Establishment opposed to the more destructive forms of Protestantism, have combined with a number of other causes on which we need not dwell, to place the advocates of unbelief on a more favourable ground in the public view than they have before occupied. Hell has not been idle: new forms of deceit and delusion are permitted to walk the earth—a hundred new Utopias, promising earthly felicity, the indulgence of the passions, and then, either annihilation or universal salvation to their votaries, solicit the unwary, who have no faith to guide and steady them, and the age which has rejected the Christian miracles sits at the feet of the high priests of Spiritualism, and drinks with open mouth and eyes their lying wonders—lying wonders which tend directly to the support of false doctrines and the denial of Christianity.

We are not about to sound all the depths of the intellectual gulf which is lying open at our feet. The advance of infidelity, and of its inseparable shadow, immorality, among the lower classes in our towns, the extreme activity with which the poison is spread in books, in cheap newspapers, by lectures, and the like, and the measures by which this activity should be met on the side of all who are for religion and for God, should be subjects of earnest thought and meditation for all who have duties which bring them frequently across the evils which have just been enumerated. It may be that we are not ourselves as active in meeting the evil as the enemies of the truth are in spreading the evil, especially as the Catholic body is the one community in the kingdom whose members do not suffer to any large extent, as yet, from the dangers of which we speak. And yet it is probably within the experience of any one whose calling enables and obliges him to know the state of the minds of the lower orders even among Catholics, that questions about the faith and the elementary truths of religion are far more rife and more troublesome than was the case twenty years ago. No one whose occupations lie among considerable numbers of men can pass many days or even many hours without hearing religious subjects discussed, and the discussion will too often take a blasphemous tone. The mechanic, the young man in the house of business, the clerk in the office, however good and sound their faith and practice may be, will often hear statements which they cannot contradict, though they feel them to be false, arguments which they cannot answer, though they know them



to be fallacious. It is often the case that such persons have to spend the greater part of their time in company in which irreligious talk is usual or perpetual; and it is hard if some of all the falsehoods they hear do not make some impression. This is a danger which, in various degrees, presses upon all classes of Catholics, and it points, therefore, to the adoption of general remedies such as may furnish Catholics of all classes with an intelligent acquaintance with the great principles of the Christian defence. But we confine ourselves for the present to some symptoms of the advance of infidelity which are to be met with in the range of life and society in which educated persons move; and we fear that there are some evident signs, not only that the minds of Englishmen are turned to an unusual degree in the direction of religious speculation—a phenomenon which is not in itself a sign of evil—but that the dominant direction of thought is towards unbelief.

The Press, taken as a whole, is a mirror in which the tendencies of the more educated portion of the community are faithfully reflected. Half a century ago or less, it would have been unusual to find in a leading newspaper or review, even on the liberal side of thought, an article in which, in a religious discussion, the truth of Christianity was not taken for granted. And when we say the truth of Christianity, we do not mean the truth of some wide formula which would include those who deny fundamental doctrines such as the Divinity of our Lord and the Atonement. The truths attacked by Dr. Whately or Dr. Hampden would, we fear, now be considered even by ordinary writers in the press as matters for scholastic speculation rather than elementary principles, for the defence of which all Christians, clergy and laity alike, must at once rise up and fight. But it is hardly worth while to dwell on this point, when it is evident that the tone of the Press is altogether changed as to Christianity itself, even in the lowest sense of the term. One, at least, of the more prominent London daily papers, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, continually speaks as if Christianity were false. With others, it is an open question as to Christianity—in the sense of some sort of religion connected with our Blessed Lord; but dogmas, sacraments, a priesthood, or again, miracles, prophecies, the supernatural in its most ordinary manifestations, as well as all the higher ranges of spirituality, are practically put aside, not simply as open to argument, but as untrue. We need hardly say more as to a fact which must

be patent to any one acquainted with the more intellectual portion of the English press. We are not concerned with the fact, except as a symptom. These writers often show profound ignorance as well as the most detestable conceit. They are often as deficient in logic as they are in modesty, and for all we know, the editors of the papers in question may employ the silliest men on their staff, men whom they cannot trust to write on politics, or social economy, or art, or science, or anything else that requires information, but who may just have brains and English enough to be allowed to earn a guinea or two by writing platitudes against "dogmatism," or "sacerdotalism," or "supernaturalism." The more contemptible the writers, the more serious is the phenomenon as an indication of the condition of the public mind on the question of Christianity. Even the more serious and thoughtful writers, whose essays are so painfully interesting to us, on account of the love of truth and desire to be able to grasp it firmly which they reveal, show also by the concessions which they make to the infidel side without a murmur, how far the position of that side has advanced in the course of the last forty years; how much of what at that time was to ordinary Englishmen the realm of unassailable truth has now been abandoned, even by many to whom there is still much left which they are anxious to defend.

The ordinary tone of the Press on any subject not directly connected with the strife of parties and questions of European or domestic politics is but the outcome of the ideas current in general society, particularly, perhaps, in literary society and among the younger men of the generation now in possession. If we had time to go through the characteristic books of the day, the popular poetry, the dominant philosophy, the chief scientific works, the histories, biographies and novels which are the most in vogue, we should find the same view as to Christianity expressed with more or less of precision or boldness, and the same contrast between our own days and the days of our fathers. Or we may take an acknowledged test, the test of the young men of the time. Thirty years ago there was less study, or at all events, study on fewer subjects, among the young men at Oxford and Cambridge, or those who are entering in life in the army and navy, or in the learned professions, than at present. The screw has been put on in various ways, and knowledge of a certain stamp is a more universally

required passport than of old. We do not know that we can say there is more cultivation of mind—for the quality of the work done is in many cases so intensely bad, consisting of the most undisguised and childish cramming, that it is not easy to include it among exercises of mental training. Thirty years ago, therefore, there may have been less knowledge, solid or superficial, among young men than now, but we believe there was far more religion. We have named a time when a religious movement was going on in the country, and particularly in the Universities, and this may seem at first sight to make the comparison unfair. It is not unfair, if the minds of men are at the present time quite as much directed to religious questions as then, though the tendency of the stream is to a different point. Let the higher and better strata of young manhood be taken in both instances. Thirty or forty years ago, there was certainly little question as to the truth of Christianity. The cream and flower of the country, the hope of the future, was collected then as now in a few centres, chiefly, of course, at the Universities—which, until they are swept away by some fatal revolution, will ever remain the intellectual hearts of England, and, as such, the spots to which the eyes of all who are bound to watch and pray for the religious welfare of the country must turn with the most intense and yearning interest—the spots to which St. Paul and St. Francis Xavier, if they were to land on our shores with the mission to convert the country, would at once bend their steps. If they had reached them in the last generation, the Apostles would have found the young men talking and thinking on religious questions, not questions as to the truth of Christianity, but as to the identification of the Church of which the Christian Creeds speak. They would have found them taking evidences for granted, and busied as to controversies within the Christian pale. Now they would find them talking Darwin, and Jowett, and Bain, “eliminating” the supernatural, disbelieving the inspiration and authority of Scripture, considering Biblical miracles as about as serious proofs of religion as the tricks of Spiritualism, ridiculing the idea of prophecy, ready to accept the doctrine of the development of man from the lower animals, with all that it involves, or the doctrine of the mechanical action of what is called volition, and so on. That is, the advance of infidelity among a large part of the generation now entering, or having lately entered, upon the full enjoyment and use of life, has

reached the line at which even morality becomes a sentiment rather than a law, conscience a phenomenon rather than the voice of God sitting in judgment, freewill and responsibility an imagination, the Universe a physical system self-evolved and self-regulated, the soul of man a mechanism, the future of man a blank, sin, original and actual, a fiction, the Atonement an impossible superstition, and the Redeemer of mankind a beautiful character, a study, a model for imitation—if only we could separate Him from His recorded actions and words and works, and, in particular, if we could get rid of the fact that, if we know anything about Him at all, we know that He has said a great many things about Himself and ourselves, and our relations to God, and our future prospects, and our present obligations, which are quite inconsistent with modern ideas and conclusions on all these subjects.

We should be glad to believe that this statement represents at all inaccurately the advance of the infidel frontier among the young minds of England in the course of the last thirty years. It is not of much use to speculate who is to blame for this state of things, or to consider what a comment it furnishes upon the unwisdom of that part of the so-called Tractarian body which, when the logical development of the principles with which they started had proceeded so far as to put before them the choice of following those principles out by submission to the Church, or standing still within the limits of Anglicanism, chose to think that they could serve the cause of good better where they were. The growth of infidelity in the Universities, which has been the one striking phenomenon in their intellectual history since the time of which we are speaking, has come with all the weight of a retribution on these men, reminding them of the truth of the motto which, if we remember rightly, the *Tracts for the Times* bore on their title-pages, "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?" And no development of pastoral activity, no frequency of "sacerdotal" functions, no multiplication of charitable institutions, no splendour of ritual or architecture, can give any strength against the mighty tide of rising scepticism, when the accents which ought to guide and encourage the defenders of truth are necessarily uttered with all that feebleness and hesitancy which are natural and necessary in a communion which has to answer Catholic claims by Protestant arguments, and

Protestant claims by Catholic arguments, and to meet infidel attacks with weapons taken from Catholic armouries, but which have to be blunted in order that Anglican hands may use them with safety.

Whoever is to blame, it seems to us to be certain that the infidel assault on Christianity in England has now reached a point at which it will task to the utmost the Anglican defenders of Revelation to meet it victoriously, and we find some of these defenders inclined to abandon certain parts of the old lines without full consciousness how far they are thus putting the rest in jeopardy. We may conveniently illustrate our meaning by reference to the latest explosion, so to call it, of infidelity, which is now occupying much attention in the literary world. It remains to be seen whether the new work called *Supernatural Religion* is to have the same unenviable fame and the same mischievous results as the *Vestiges of Creation*, the *Essays and Reviews*, and Dr. Colenso's attack upon the Pentateuch. We see no reason why it should not be so, for the importance and influence of a book of this character, so long as it is not written with absolute imbecility, depend very much more on its hitting the popular tone of mind than on its intrinsic merits. A year ago, for instance, a book of no argumentative force whatever, a book utterly flimsy and frivolous, Mr. Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*, had a certain vogue and produced a certain impression—and, for all we know, it may still have its admirers—because it was smartly written, and put the sceptical aspirations of many a poor ignorant soul into good though affected English. The work before us is of a more serious stamp. It is anonymous, and has been attributed to more than one eminent Anglican writer. In our humble opinion it has been overpraised as to its intellectual calibre, or at least as to the command which the writer has exercised over himself (or herself). There are numberless places in which passion has evidently guided the pen in the midst of what ought to be tranquil argument and candid statement of facts or doctrines. The author has great power, and, in the second part especially, which is an attack on the authority of the Gospels, much erudition. It is little more than repeating in another form what we have just said about passion, to add that the laws of logic are frequently set at defiance to an extent which, if there were not another simpler way of explaining the phenomenon, might fairly justify some

suspicion as to the sex of the author. In one page opponents are scolded for assuming what in their position they had a perfect right to assume, and in the next the author lays down with the utmost dogmatism a series of propositions of the creed—or no creed—which is commonly identified with Mr. Darwin's theories, and proceeds to argue from them. In former times, we repeat, these methods of reasoning would, justly or not, have been called feminine. But, in truth, they are characteristic of the whole Darwinian school. It is, we say it advisedly, characteristic of the set of writers who follow Mr. Darwin, as of Mr. Darwin himself, to propose a theory in one page as possible, and in the next to assume it as proved, to argue from probable and particular premisses to conclusions certain and universal, to use imperfect inductions as if they were complete, and to ignore the propositions of their adversaries against which they ought to argue, while they refute something which no one denies, and then claim the victory. There is hardly any illogical process, or any of the fallacies, which might not be illustrated from the books of this school. Perhaps we are to hail it as a result of that "absolute upward impulse to the whole human race" which has evolved us from monkeys, that new methods of reasoning, inconsistent with the ancient and, probably, obsolete laws of thought, should now be revealed to mankind by writers of the class to which the author of *Supernatural Religion* belongs.

We are not now reviewing this book, but adducing it as an example of the line of attack against Revelation which is now becoming common, and also, as we conceive, as an illustration of the weakness of the Anglican defence, the only defence that Anglicans can make without admitting principles destructive of their own position. But it is not fair to quote what is poisonous without giving to some extent an antidote to the poison, and we therefore hold ourselves free to add, in defence of the truth, a few words now and then which are not quite necessary for our direct argument. We speak now exclusively of the first part of the book, the part which will probably engage more attention than the second, and be thought the more cogent of the two by the admirers of the author. This part deals with the question of miracles as the proof of Supernatural Religion. The argument is at the very first sight incomplete, and so far unfair, and this defect has been remarked upon in one of the most enthusiastic criticisms on



the work which we have seen—the notice in the *Westminster Review*. There is no definition of the supernatural. This omission, however unintentional, is very convenient indeed for the author. This has *not* been remarked on in the *Westminster Review*. The absence of any definition enables the author to use the word supernatural in two or three different senses, and the consequence has been that specimens of that favourite development of Darwinian minds, the *Syllogismus quadrimembratus*, or four-legged syllogism, are as frequent in his pages as rabbits in a warren. “Supernatural” is a relative word; and as there are natures and natures, so what is supernatural in one relation is not supernatural in another. Catholic divines are accordingly careful to classify miracles, and do not admit that everything which goes by that name and presents that appearance to us transcends the limits of every “natural” power granted by God to His creatures. We are not writing an Essay on Miracles, and we are speaking of things which are perfectly familiar to ordinary theological readers. When the author of this work attacks what he conceives to be the Christian position about miracles, on the ground of the confessed existence of “miracles” wrought by the power of Satan, he ought to reason and to speak in the sense of his opponents. He is representing their doctrines, not his own. *He* does not believe in the existence of Satan. He speaks about the Christian “design of a revelation, involving, among other things, the supposition that man was tempted into sin by Satan, an *all-powerful* and persistent enemy of God, whose existence and antagonism to a Being in whose eyes sin is abomination, are not accounted for and are incredible.”<sup>1</sup> We quote this sentence as an instance of that singular want of self-mastery of which we have accused this author. He cannot so much as state the Christian belief about Satan without grossly misrepresenting it. He knows, as well as our readers know, that Christians do not consider Satan to be “all-powerful.” The misrepresentation contained in this single sentence extends to nothing less than the making Christianity a system of dualism, and this in a passage in which the author is professing to give a statement of the Christian theory. To return to the use he makes of the “Satanic” miracles. Christians do not believe that Satan can work true miracles, miracles that transcend the whole

<sup>1</sup> P. 51.

forces of nature in its largest sense. But they also believe that Satan and the fallen angels are not deprived of their natural powers, which very far transcend ours, and which extend to the knowledge and use of many natural means and the production of many results which are entirely above us, though the extent to which they are allowed to use these in order to deceive us depends upon the permission of God. This short explanation will enable the reader to see the fallacy lurking under such sentences as this—

The subject is complicated by the occurrence of Satanic as well as divine suspensions of the order of nature, and by the necessity of assuming a personal devil as well as a personal deity, and his power to usurp that control over the laws of nature which is assumed as the prerogative of the deity, and to suspend them in direct opposition to God (p. 67).

Again, in a sentence in which Dr. Mozley's words about a miracle not being able "to oblige us to accept any doctrine which is contrary to our moral nature," are used most unfairly—

The assertion that evidence emanating from God is in some cases to be rejected, is in itself a monstrous proposition, and the evidential force of miracles is totally destroyed by the logical inferences from it, and from the double character of miracles as Divine and Satanic, that God is not only capable of exerting supernatural powers to attest what is false, but Satan equally possesses and exercises the same power in opposition to God, for purposes of deception (p. 22).

This again, we may say in passing, is the language of passion, not of fair argument. Dr. Mozley and others who think with him, do not believe that God is capable of working a miracle to attest what is false, and his words do not justify the inference. Further, and this is what we are insisting on, the statement that "Satan" is thought *equally* to possess and exercise "the same power in opposition to God for purposes of deception," is not true, though essential to the author's argument, and it could not have passed muster in a book the writer of which had clearly conceived and defined the Supernatural. This argument of the Satanic miracles is one of his chief weapons. In truth, the Satanic miracles, rightly considered, are as little of a counterpoise and as much of a confirmation to the miracles which are adduced in proof of Christianity, as the wonders worked by the magicians of Egypt to the miracles of Moses.

The critic on the book before us, whom we just now quoted as remarking on the absence from its pages of any definition of the supernatural, has also pointed out the still more glaring omission of any reference to prophecy. If we were reviewing the book we might pause to touch upon this omission, especially in its bearing on the argument about miracles—for the two heads of proof are not merely collateral, but interdependent and intertwined. Prophecy, moreover, is a more unquestionable sign of divinity even than miracles, for the devils have never been allowed to foretell the future, which lies altogether beyond the knowledge of created beings. The author before us would probably scoff at the idea of prophecy, and tell us that "no living critic" believes in it—"no living critic," that is, of the school to which he himself belongs, one of whose numerous childishnesses it is to deny the possibility of any fact that comes in the way of their wishes, and then to expect the rest of the world to argue with them on their own conditions.

These vital defects of the argument left out of sight, there is considerable force here and there in the strictures made by this author on Dr. Mozley, Dr. Irons, the late Dr. Mansel, and Archbishop Trench, though he is often unfair to all. We take as an occasion for our remarks the manner in which he meets the common argument for the reasonableness of miracles as put by Dr. Mozley—"Upon the supposition of the divine design of a revelation, a miracle is not an anomaly or an irregularity, but part of the system of the universe." It is clear that this argument supposes the divine government of the world, and assumes what this writer really denies—Natural Religion. We are far from saying that a miracle has no argumentative force to a thorough unbeliever, but its argumentative force to him is not different in kind from that witness of nature which, as St. Paul tells us, was so sufficient to teach men about God that the heathen were inexcusable for ignoring it. The witness of nature is not merely witness to the existence of law, but to the existence of the Will and the Power by which the law is imposed and enacted, and the witness of a miracle is simply the additional witness that the Will and Power which have enacted the ordinary law have not abdicated in its favour, but may, when they choose, go beyond it or suspend it. An absolute sovereign may do this if he chooses, and when he does it he recalls to the mind of his people that he is the fountain and source of the ordinary

power which he commits to his ministers, and the act by which he passes over the law is a more personal act than that by which the law proceeds in its ordinary course by his authority. It is most absurd to suppose that a God of infinite Wisdom and Power and Benevolence is bound to exhaust the exercise of these attributes towards His creatures by the general laws by which He governs the universe, and a miracle is nothing else but, if we may so speak, a more obviously personal act on His part, making Himself more specially, or rather more strikingly, present than in the ordinary course of nature, although that also, as Christians believe, is carried on perpetually by His action and working, not less true and essential because more unseen.

In short, that which seems to be the capriciousness of the act in a miracle, makes it an evidence of personal agency more striking in character than the administration of an unchanging law. It is the act of a Master who "does what He wills," as our Lord says in the Parable. His ordinary laws are His agreements, so to speak, with His labourers—His miracles are His gifts of free bounty, going beyond His agreements. It is altogether contrary to experience, altogether contrary to what we know of the laws on which the universe is governed, to see anything unreasonable or anything not to be expected, in such acts of the free choice of God. The first creation of the world must have been an act of free choice—and if this is denied, those who deny it must submit to the absurdity of a world originating itself, even though they carry their theory of evolution to its utmost limits. The creation of the world, such as it is—we mean the creation of this world, and not another possible world—must have been an act of free choice: the variety, the harmony, the immense distances between one nature and another nature, the entire inequality in the distribution of powers, forces, places, opportunities, even in the physical creation, and what we call the laws of nature themselves, can be the result of nothing else but free choice, guided, of course, by Infinite Wisdom, and yet absolutely free. The human and moral world, the whole social system of life, the inequality in the distribution of the very highest gifts as well as the lowest, the whole history of the world, of the Church, and of every human soul, are full of instances of this absolutely free disposal of all things by God, who is just and good and a Father to every one, and in His justice no respecter of persons,

but who gives one lot to one and another lot to another, in temporal gifts "loves Jacob" and "hates Esau," calls the Jewish nation, not the Egyptian, makes St. Peter the ruler of the Church and St. Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles. The whole universe, moral and physical, bears witness to the freedom of God, and testifies that He binds Himself by no law in the distribution of His gifts. A miracle is nothing more than a particular and arbitrary exercise of this freedom, for God's own purposes, within the realm ordinarily governed by general laws.

If we view them under this aspect, miracles might take place in the universe governed by God without there being the special necessity for them which is supposed in the case of a revelation for the purpose of salvation, and to deny this is to limit God's power and wisdom, and inconsistent with a belief even in Natural Religion. A miracle is simply an evidence of a particular and special exertion of God's will and power, and this is the reason why infidels not only deny miracles but hate them, and why, on the other hand, they are naturally welcomed by believers in God as the authoritative credentials of His special Presence, Action, and Voice.

So far Anglicans can go with us. But this is not all that is to be said about miracles. Just as miracles, such as those of our Lord and the Apostles, are welcomed by believers in Natural Religion as the credentials of the truths taught by them as a message from God, and denied and hated by those who will not receive that message, as well as by those who do not rise to the level even of Natural Religion; so also miracles which occur in the history of the Church and in the lives of her Saints attest to Catholic Christians her note of sanctity, and the special presence and voice of God in her, while they are rejected and hated and calumniated by all whose wills are set to resist her claims, whether they call themselves Christian or not. Those who have admitted the claims of Christianity to be a divine revelation on the strength of that special assertion of Himself in its favour which is made by God in the working of miracles, are bound to meet the charge of inconsistency, unless they admit that God may still work miracles in order to mark His Presence with the Church; and when, like Dr. Mozley, they bring sweeping charges of fraud and imposture against ecclesiastical miracles, the miracles of the Saints, and the miracles of modern times, they lay themselves open to the most fatal retorts from writers like the author before us.

The author of *Supernatural Religion* is successful as against Dr. Mozley on this point. He shows that the miracles which are adduced as evidences of Christianity are part of a great chain or stream which begins long before Christian times and has never ended. He, of course, rejects them all, and on his own false ground he is logical in doing so. He does not believe that there is any necessity for a "revelation," or any possibility of an interruption of the laws of nature for that or for anything else. We give his "creed"—if so degraded a set of opinions can be dignified by such a name—as a specimen of the sort of conclusions that men in our time can be proud of thinking true.

The constitution of nature, so far from favouring any hypothesis of original perfection and subsequent deterioration, bears everywhere the record of systematic upward progression. Not only is the assumption that any revelation of the nature of ecclesiastical Christianity was necessarily excluded upon philosophical grounds, but it is contradicted by the whole operation of natural laws, which contain in themselves inexorable penalties against natural retrogression, or even unprogressiveness, and furnish the requisite stimulus to improvement. The survival only of the fittest is the stern decree of nature. The invariable action of law of itself eliminates the unfit. Progress is necessary to existence: extinction is the doom of retrogression. The highest effect contemplated by the supposed Revelation is to bring man into perfect harmony with law, and this is ensured by law itself acting upon intelligence, and even upon instinct. Only in obedience to law is there life and safety. Knowledge of law is imperatively demanded by nature. Ignorance of it is a capital offence. If we ignore the law of gravitation we are dashed to pieces at the foot of a precipice, or are crushed by a falling rock: if we neglect sanatory law, we are destroyed by a pestilence: if we disregard chemical laws, we are poisoned by a vapour. There is not, in reality, a gradation of breach of law that is not followed by an equivalent gradation of punishment. Civilization is nothing but the knowledge and observance of natural laws. The savage must learn them or be extinguished: the cultivated must observe them, or die. Obedience to law, moral and physical, is the condition of supremacy and continuance. The balance of moral and physical development cannot be deranged with impunity. In the spiritual as well as the physical sense only the fittest can eventually survive in the struggle for existence. There is, in fact, an absolute upward impulse in the human race supplied by the invariable operation of the laws of nature acting upon the common instinct of self-preservation. As, on the one hand, the highest human conception of infinite wisdom and power is derived from the universality and invariability of law, so that universality and invariability, on the other hand, exclude the idea of interruption



or occasional suspension of law for any purpose whatever, and more especially for the correction of supposed original errors of design, which cannot have existed, or for the attainment of objects already provided for as the order in nature (pp. 53, 54).

It is true that this passage is one long assumption of an utterly immoral theory, that it teems with ludicrous falsehoods, and where, as in this last sentence, it undertakes to represent the Christian theory, it misstates it with all that intemperance which characterizes the author. The believers in the Christian scheme, and in miracles as its evidence, do not suppose miracles to be wrought for "the correction of supposed original errors of design," nor, as a less reckless antagonist might have said, is the Revelation which miracles are used to attest given for the correction of any such supposed errors. This, we repeat, the writer before us ought to know as well as we do. But the whole passage shows, as we have said above, that a man who believes all these strange things about the laws of nature, cannot be expected to admit a miracle upon any evidence whatever. He is logical and consistent when he tells us that the Christian miracles "sink in the stream" which has been ever flowing, and, when he argues against them from what he considers to be the superstitious character of the Jewish notions before our Lord's time and after, he uses nearly the same arguments which Dr. Mozley uses, or would use, against ecclesiastical miracles, save that the latter throws in a charge of fraud and imposture against the Church into the bargain. We do not at this moment remember whether Dr. Mozley has said anything about the Old Testament miracles; but as to these, he has the authority of Dr. Irons to set aside all that have not been vouched for by the distinct sanction of our Lord, as recorded in the New Testament.

The Christian advocate of miracles must meet the infidel objections on two grounds. He must first show that miracles are possible, and thus bring his own particular miracles into court, at it were, as matters which admit of being proved by evidence. Then he must prove that the evidence for his particular miracles is sufficient to establish them. But the proof of the first of these two points cannot be limited to miracles in evidence of a Revelation, and exclude miracles under a dispensation which is the continuance and the application of the Revelation to successive generations. Such, however, alone

is the proof which Dr. Mozley and his Anglican compeers can bring. Or let them deny this, and say that miracles are as possible now as ever, but that as a matter of fact the evidence for the Gospel miracles is sufficient, but the evidence for other subsequent miracles is not sufficient. This is the right way to put it. Sufficient evidence is what is required in both cases; it is not required that the evidence should be in both cases identical, or that the miracles should be identical in character. The argument which establishes the possibility of miracles, if it be supplemented by the words of the Founder of the new Religion and the belief of ages as to their continuance, puts them upon the same level with any remarkable class of facts which historians admit on evidence sufficient to establish any class of facts which are not altogether impossible. Dr. Mozley, as the writer before us has pointed out, has misrepresented St. Augustine as to the miracles of his own time. And we consider it indisputable that he cannot argue against the miracles of Ecclesiastical history and, far more, against the miracles of the Saints, attested as they are by the authentic processes drawn up for their Canonization, without introducing methods of reasoning and canons of criticism unreasonable in themselves, when applied to facts confessedly possible; methods and canons which in the hands of infidels would destroy the Gospel miracles altogether. That is, the necessities of Dr. Mozley's ecclesiastical position oblige him to defend Christianity, and at the same time to reject the claims and evidence of the present Catholic Church. He defends Christianity on grounds of evidence which prove the claims of the Catholic Church, and at the same time he uses against the claims of the Catholic Church arguments which his infidel opponents use with far more force, at least with far more consistency, against Christianity itself. For our own part, we would rather

Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon,

—we would rather venerate a living and moving white elephant, than believe in a system so inhuman, so contradictory to our moral nature, and so grovelling in its tendencies, as that which is shadowed forth in the extract which we lately quoted from the book before us, with its stern decrees of the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence, and the like. As long as mankind retain their rational nature, their consciences, their

sense of right and wrong, their aspirations after God and heaven, this theory must at all events verify itself in one particular, and being so utterly unfit to answer the questionings of the soul, it will deservedly meet with that doom of moral extinction in the struggle for existence of which it speaks. But its manner of dealing with miracles is at least consistent, and so intelligible, whereas Dr. Mozley's manner of dealing with the same phenomena is not consistent, and so far not intelligible.

The truth appears to us to be this. We may account for Dr. Mozley's hesitation as to defending the Christian miracles on the broad and simple principles which would be adopted by a Catholic controversialist, by considering the particular bearing of modern and ecclesiastical miracles upon the attitude which he is forced to maintain towards the modern Catholic Church. But, in truth, this is but one signal instance of the action of a cause of weakness which must paralyze the arm of many a would-be defender of Revelation who stands on the same ground with Dr. Mozley. The strength of the Christian position as against infidel attacks, lies in the fact that what is truly assailed and defended is not a theory, not a system, not a philosophy, not even a doctrine, but a living Body, an institution, a society, a kingdom. It is not Christianity, but the Christian Church which Dr. Mozley ought to defend, and if this be true, as numberless writers in his own communion will assure him that it is true, there can be no matter for surprize in the further fact, that those who undertake to fight the battle of truth without occupying the ground on which the Author of Truth intends His soldiers to stand, can give but a sorry account even of the comparatively feeble and incoherent attacks which come from the hosts of falsehood. "Our Lord," as Canon Liddon may tell his brother Professor—

Proclaimed Himself the founder of a world-wide and imperishable society. He did not propose to act powerfully upon the convictions and the characters of individual men, and then to leave to them, when they believed and felt alike, the liberty of voluntarily forming themselves into an association, with a view to reciprocal sympathy and united action. From the first, the formation of a society was not less an essential feature of Christ's plan, than was His redemptive action upon single souls. This society was not to be a school of thinkers, nor a self-associated company of enterprizing fellow-workers: it was to be a kingdom, the kingdom of heaven, or as it is also called, the kingdom of God.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Liddon's *Bampton Lectures*, lect. iii. p. 99.

In the same work Canon Liddon adds: "Does the kingdom of heaven exist upon earth? The Church of Christ is the living answer to that question."<sup>3</sup> Not only, we venture to add, is the Church the living answer to that question, but she is in such a sense the answer to all objections against the Christian Revelation, that no answer which excludes her or ignores her can hope to be successful. This is a large subject, on which we cannot enter fully. But let the book of which we have been speaking be taken as an instance of ordinary infidel assaults. The argument against miracles falls to pieces in the presence of the Church. We do not for a moment doubt that Christian critics can satisfactorily dispose of, on their own grounds, the mass of objections which the author has brought, in his second part, against the authorship of our four Gospels. But his argument requires all through the ignoring of a fact which the existence of the Church establishes at once without further evidence. We mean the fact that she has ever been the careful guardian of the text of Sacred Scripture, and that whatever comes down to us as such under her guardianship is certainly authentic enough to stand all the small cavils of a dozen such critics as the author of *Supernatural Religion*. Even if the Church had no more divine assistance to discharge her functions in this respect than an ordinary human association, the answer to the second part of *Supernatural Religion* would be complete on her mere word, just as we should be content to believe that four pictures which had been preserved since they were painted by Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Perugino, and Leonardo da Vinci, by a body like the Royal Academy, belonged to those painters, on the word of such a body. And again—to go no further than arguments which we have already alluded to—in the lecture from which we have quoted, Canon Liddon is engaged in proving the Divinity of our Lord from the success of His work in the world. We can imagine that to many readers that lecture is the most unsatisfactory of all that are contained in that excellent volume. But why? Because Canon Liddon cannot but hesitate in claiming the glories of the Catholic Church as his own. His theory of Church history shows a broken Unity, a failure of the distinct promises of our Lord, for it shows a Church which cannot now claim in their integrity those divine notes which are attributed to the Church in the Christian Creed. The reader instinctively feels that the argu-

<sup>3</sup> P. 118.

ments which truly prove the indefectible Unity, the abiding Catholicity, the evident Sanctity and Apostolicity of the Church, do not sound well in the mouth of a modern Anglican.

If then it be true, as we have been now for some time arguing, that Anglican answers to infidel difficulties, when pushed home, must be inadequate on account of the absence of true solidity in the Anglican position, it follows, as a matter of course, that when the tide of thought has turned in the infidel direction, and there are none but Anglican "breakwaters" to stem it, the flow of the waves is not likely to be successfully opposed. We are tempted, even with the danger of some prolixity before us, to refer to what we consider another symptom of the advance of infidel notions throughout the country. We take it for a work of very great merit in itself, a work of which it is very painful for us to have to speak as an evidence of the progress of ideas which we are sure the author most ardently and religiously detests. But Dr. Farrar, as well as Dr. Mozley, must be an unwilling witness to the weakness with which certain portions of truth are now defended even by those amongst Anglicans who are most earnest in the defence of Revelation. We can hardly have a fairer evidence of the state of mind among the more religious portion of Englishmen of education than is to be found in Dr. Farrar's lately published *Life of Christ*. The book has been welcomed with unusual enthusiasm, and several large editions of it have already been sold off. We are far from saying that it does not deserve its success, far from finding fault with the intention or temper or tone of the work, far from blaming Dr. Farrar on the score of want of industry in carrying out his undertaking, want of conscientiousness, or want of love for his subject. The more meritorious the book is in all these respects, the more cogent is the argument to be drawn from the line taken, amid so much general applause, by its learned and zealous author. We are but quoting the criticism of the ablest and best of the Anglican organs, of a journal which has always been distinguished for the fairness and intelligence displayed by its reviews in partioular, when we say that Dr. Farrar speaks in a manner not entirely satisfactory about our Lord's miracles, some of which he seems inclined to explain away; that he is far more hesitating and even sceptical as to the historical facts of demoniacal possession, and even "the reality of any personal spiritual agency, either good or bad" (the Reviewer means Satan and

the angels), and that in this spirit he speaks of the angel who appeared in our Lord's Agony as an ocular delusion, and of the rising of the saints from the dead after our Lord's Resurrection as an imagination. The same writer regrets that in this *Life of Christ* "the earthly side of our Blessed Lord's Being is so largely developed as almost to overshadow the divine;" that the whole work may be looked to in vain "for any real help towards the comprehension of the work and purpose of Christ;" that our Lord's character as the Prophet and the Second Adam is ignored, and that the writer speaks in a manner "disappointing, vague, and inadequate," of His "redemptive death."<sup>4</sup> What is all this but to say that the theology of the Life of our Lord, that kernel and key of it, if we may use images so different at once, on which St. Paul loved to dwell, and which it seems to have been his province specially to unfold, is passed over in this popular volume, and may be supposed to be left out in the popular idea concerning Him—that His life is, as far as may be, naturalized, and that people are not prepared to accept in their literal sense, as of old, the statements of the New Testament as to miracles, demons, angels, and the Atonement itself? Now if this be so, we are forced to ask, how much is left of Jesus Christ? Can His own sayings, declarations, and assertions, as they are recorded to us, be accepted without reserve? and if they are to be explained away on one point, why not on another? We do not wish to compare together, on all points, two books so different in character and aim—as this *Life of Christ*, by Dr. Farrar, and the devotional *Commentary on the Gospels*, by the late Mr. Isaac Williams. Still, they cover in many respects the same ground, and may be considered as sufficiently parallel one to the other to illustrate the difference between the theology of good Anglicans thirty years ago, and the theology which is at least widely popular at present. In many literary respects Dr. Farrar's book has a great advantage, but if it is to be taken as a measure of the general idea of our Lord, it is a mark of a great falling off in the appreciation of His character and mission, of a great loosening of the public hold on the spiritual truths connected with Him.

But we must perforce make an end, leaving many topics which belong to our subject altogether untouched. We shall never abandon our hope in the still deeply rooted religiousness

<sup>4</sup> *Guardian*, August 12.



of the great mass of our countrymen, and we confidently trust that the progress of the evil, whose advance we have been endeavouring to trace, will of itself drive many minds among them back upon the more sure guarantees for Christian belief which can be found nowhere but in the Catholic Church. Thirty years ago, when it became evident that what were considered ancient ecclesiastical principles could not be held with consistency outside her pale, a large body of men, who had begun in good faith to defend those principles as Anglicans, were found ready to surrender their earthly position and tear asunder their dearest ties in order to go where allegiance to the truth led them. We are confident that, as the swelling tide of infidelity makes it more and more evident that the Christian Revelation can only be consistently defended under the "shadow of the great Rock" on which the Church is built, there will be found at least an equal number of at present zealous Anglicans to take their stand as soldiers of the truth, on the only ground on which its battle can be safely fought. But all these things, if they are true, are surely full of the most notable warnings to ourselves as Catholics. They show us the immense amount of work which the "little flock" of English Catholics may have thrown upon them to do. They show how all-important it is for us to wake up to an appreciation, we do not say so much of our danger as of our opportunity—an opportunity which in the language of Scripture, we may venture to call "the time of our visitation." It is no time for childishness, or for frittering away our strength and our time upon insignificant or secondary matters. It is no time for jealousies and self-seeking narrowness. We want all our forces at once, and that they all should be allowed the fullest and amplest liberty. We are in no danger of having too much activity, too much good controversy, too much solid education, too much learned and popular literature. In all these respects, Catholicism in England requires fostering, supporting, developing to the utmost. It requires of its children nothing short of that devotion which is ready to put everything aside and sacrifice itself for the truth. If the tide of infidelity may yet be beaten back, if England may yet be made again a nation of believers, what a mission and what a work have fallen to the lot of those Catholic Englishmen who inherit the name and the faith of a thousand martyrs!

## *Two Scenes in the Life of Haydn.*

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FROM THE GERMAN.  
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IT is an early spring day in the year 1797. All Vienna is out of doors—some to enjoy the first really mild weather after a long and hard winter; but the majority to assemble in knots at the corners of the streets and discuss the all-absorbing topics of the approach of the French army, the loss of another great battle, and the rumoured flight of the Emperor from the capital. Some people said the whole Imperial family had left the palace in the night; others that it was impossible, that the Emperor would never show such cowardice as to desert his people in the hour of danger. As people went aimlessly hither and thither inquiring for news, many of them passed an unpretending little house in the Gumpendorfer suburb of Vienna, which, surrounded by its pretty garden and shady trees, seemed to be quite out of the noise and turmoil of the world. Few passed this house without stopping a moment to gaze at it, and, in case a view of the occupants could be obtained, to make a respectful bow, for in that house lived Joseph Haydn, the great musician, the pride of the Viennese, for was he not one of themselves, and had he not resisted all the munificent offers of the King of England, in order to come back and end his days in peace in his own country?

Absorbed in his art, Haydn was little aware of the disastrous state of things in his own country, or that the dreaded and hated Buonaparte was rapidly marching towards it, with a victorious army. On the day of which we speak, he was seated in his own room at an open harpsichord, writing the thoughts that occurred to him, his fine eyes turned upwards from time to time as if to seek inspiration from above. His long white hair, and the stoop in his figure showed him to be an old man; but his fresh complexion and brilliant eyes told that his youthful enthusiasm had not been quenched by

the march of time, and that in heart and mind he was still a young man.

He was employed at that moment in the composition of the *Creation*, the words of which had been sent him from England. After reading them over several times, he had got out paper and ink and was just beginning to jot down the musical thoughts that suggested themselves, when a sudden impulse made him rise and hasten into the next room. "No," he exclaimed, half aloud, "such a divine subject as this is not to be treated, except with the greatest solemnity both of manner and dress, and so I shall put on my Sunday clothes." So saying, he threw off his dressing-gown and began to attire himself in a suit of clothes which was placed in readiness in his wardrobe, and which consisted of a long satin waistcoat edged with silver and a brown coat with mother-o'-pearl buttons; then he tied carefully round his neck a cravat trimmed with lace, and finally took out of an *étui* a costly diamond ring, which had been presented to him by Frederick the Great, and put it on his finger; and then he stood before the glass, and he inspected his figure with some satisfaction. "Yes, that will do," he said with a smile. "Only one thing is wanting." Then going to a drawer, he took carefully out of a paper a broad blue ribbon,<sup>1</sup> embroidered in silver characters, and fastened it to his watch. "I said I should only put it on on grand occasions," he exclaimed, "and what can be a grander one than when I am to have the honour of writing the praises of my God and my King?"

Then going back into his study he fell on his knees and lifted his eyes to heaven, exclaiming, "O my Lord God, give I beseech Thee thy blessing, that I may have wisdom to execute rightly this work, which treats of Thee and of the glorious wonders of Thy Creation!"

Then he sat down at his desk and began his composition,

<sup>1</sup> The history of this blue ribbon was a curious one. When Haydn was in England he was made a lion of, everywhere he went. At one house where he was invited, that of a Mr. Shaw, every one of the ladies had a blue ribbon in her hair with the name *Haydn*, embroidered in silver on it, and the host had the same name worked in fine pearls in the collar of his coat, which made it appear quite like livery. The hostess, before he took his leave, asked him for a souvenir, and he gave her a little old snuff-box he had carried for some time, and then he asked her to return it by giving him some trifle as a memorial of his visit. She immediately took the blue ribbon from her hair and handed it to him, telling him to wear it for her sake. Haydn assured her with a bow, that he would only wear it on *very great occasions*, which he always did to the end of his life.

going from time to time to his instrument to play the airs as they arose in his mind and to try the combinations of chords. Like lightning flew his pen over the paper, and a crowd of beautiful melodies seemed to fill his soul for a time, and then he stopped. He read again the words of the poem, but not an appropriate or adequate expression in music could he find; he put his hand to his head sadly, and let the pen glide from the paper. Suddenly jumping up he went over to a little prie-dieu in the corner, and taking up a rosary which lay on it, he passed it rapidly through his fingers, saying softly the prayers of which it was to remind him as he walked up and down. At the end, a bright gleam passed over his expressive features, fresh melodies arose in his mind, and returning to his desk he exclaimed, "I thank Thee, O my God, for hearing my prayers, as Thou hast always done."<sup>2</sup>

He went on writing for some time with a happy expression on his features, not a sound breaking the stillness of his room, but that of the movement of his pen over the paper, when suddenly his attention was arrested by an unusual tumult below, a strange thing in his quiet household. His good wife, her old maid Katharine, her still older cat, usually sat or moved about noiselessly the whole morning, for that was the time the Master chose for composing, and any discordant sound annoyed and ruffled him. He laid down his pen with a troubled expression of countenance as the noise waxed louder and louder, until it reached the door of his room, which was opened, and his wife, followed by the maid and man, rushed in, pale and breathless.

For a moment she could not speak, and Haydn exclaimed in some alarm, "For heaven's sake tell me what is the matter, wife?"

"Oh, dear husband," she cried, seizing his hand, "the French are coming, they are quite near. In the last day and night they have been marching nearer and nearer, so Conrad says, and he has just been out and heard all the news; and everybody is packing up and going away, and we must go too. Do let me begin and put up all your music while there

<sup>2</sup> Haydn lived and died a believing and pious Catholic. "I never," he said himself, "felt so deeply the truth of Christianity as when I was composing the *Creation*. Whenever I was at a loss for a musical thought, I took my rosary, walked up and down the room several times with it, saying my prayers, and always found myself helped to the ideas I wished."

is time, for that dreadful Buonaparte seizes everything wherever he goes."

When the poor old lady had finished this, for her, long speech she sank quite exhausted with the effort on a chair.

Her husband looked at her compassionately, and said, taking her hand, "But, my dear wife, do be reasonable. You don't suppose, even if the French are likely to enter Vienna, which God forbid, that they will trouble themselves to take my poor valuables, such as they are, when there are all the gold and precious stones in the treasury?"

"Ah, sir, that is just it that mistress was going to tell you," broke in Conrad, the servant. "We have just seen eight baggage-waggons pass, laden with the royal treasures, crown jewels and all, and folks say they are gone to Pressburg for safe keeping. And the streets are swarming with people, who are all screaming and swearing, and some have gone swarming round the Minister Thugut's palace, and have declared that peace must be made with the French, to prevent their entering Vienna."

"Bad news, bad news," exclaimed the old man, as he walked up and down the room. "But, wife," he said, stopping and looking at her, "what is that you said about running away? I, for one, will not leave my native town. We have God and the Emperor to protect us, and what can we want more?"

"Ah, don't count upon the Emperor," said poor Madame Haydn, wiping her eyes; "that is the worst thing of all I have to tell you, for they say he left Vienna last night secretly, accompanied by the Empress and the children."

This piece of news acted like a clap of thunder upon Haydn. He looked for a moment as if he could not believe it; then, sinking on a chair, he cried, lifting up his hands as if in despair, "Poor Vienna! Poor Austria! And so your Emperor abandons you!" Then he sank his head on his breast, and deep sighs escaped from his lips.

"Well, and do you not now see that I am right?" said his wife, rising and taking his hand, "and that we, too, have no time to lose before we fly to a more secure spot than this is?"

"*I fly!*" exclaimed Haydn, rising with a lofty expression of countenance; "*never*. Let [one man at least stand by his town and his country, and teach it to have faith in God.

He assuredly has not left us, He will not abandon those who put their trust in Him. What are the people crying and lamenting about? They should use their voices in praying to God for their Emperor, and I will teach them how to do it."

So saying he walked over to the harpsichord, preluded with a few simple chords, and then began a choral melody which seemed to rise from the depths of his soul. Over and over again he played it till it was quite perfect, and then, as if by a sudden inspiration, suitable words to it flowed to his lips, and he sang, to the great astonishment and admiration of his hearers, the great Austrian hymn now so inseparably connected with his name, and which is half a prayer and half a victorious ode—

Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,  
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz;  
Lange lebe Franz der Kaiser  
In des Glückes hellem Glanz!  
Ihm erblühen Lorbeerreiser  
Wo er geht zum Ehrenkranz.  
Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,  
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz.

There was a deep silence in the room while Haydn sang, and for some minutes after, and when he turned round he saw that his wife and his two pious excellent servants had sunk on their knees and were lifting up their hands to heaven. "Come, sing with me, all of you," he exclaimed; "it is very easy." Then he began the melody again, and first one and then another joined in until they made the stirring song echo through the old house and reach even as far as the street, so as to arrest for a moment the attention of the passers-by.

"Ah! that will do," cried Haydn, delighted with the success of his work. Now I will write the hymn down, and then, Conrad, you must take it directly to my friend Dr. Von Swieten, and ask him to add a verse or two, and have it immediately printed. If it is circulated among the Viennese and sung at the corners of the streets, it may do something to arouse their patriotism. I mean to sing it myself every morning of my life in addition to my other prayers."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Haydn kept his word, and sang or played his hymn every day till his death. On May 26, in the year 1809, he played it over three times, when, overcome with weakness, he was carried to his bed, from which he never rose, but died on the 31st, five days after.



Eight years have passed, peace with France has been made and broken, and Haydn, the venerable old man, has lived to see his hymn the great battle-song of his country. Once again the French are in Austria, for it is the eve of the battle of Austerlitz—the great battle of the three Emperors as the Germans call it—and all Vienna is in a wild state of commotion. The great, the absorbing idea, is that at last the Emperor of France, the as yet invincible general, must succumb to the united armies of Russia and Austria, and the people are rejoicing in the thought of bringing down the pride of their arrogant oppressor.

For three days the distant thunder of battle is as music to their ears, it only betokens to them the downfall and humiliation of their enemy; they have no suspicion of the true state of the case.

Another day passes and no tidings arrive, but they are contented to wait, the roads are bad, the despatches must have been delayed. Crowds surround the Foreign Office, eager for the least scrap of news. Crowds less respectful surround the French Embassy, and with clenched fists utter not very measured invectives against Talleyrand, the then Minister of France, and his Government. Others pour out in a stream on the highroad to Möhringen, where the first tidings of the battle must be heard. They strain their eyes into the far distance; what do they see? There is a speck on the horizon, it grows larger and larger, it takes the form of advancing troops. Yes, its regiments must be their victorious army coming home. They advance nearer and nearer. The people rush along in a compact mass to meet them, their eyes glowing with enthusiasm, their mouths open for a loud hurrah, when, as they approach nearer, the whole expression of their faces changes to one of horror! These are not Austrian uniforms! No! nor are they Russian! It is the hated colours of the French that meet their fascinated gaze!

And the long looked for despatches too? Yes, there they are, hastening on with their news, but they are not Austrian. The tri-coloured sash is round their waist, and as they approach Vienna, they cry "Victory! Victory! Vive l'Empereur Napoleon!"

The people stand mute in astonishment and dismay, as the conquering army winds its way past them, and marched into the town to the joyous notes of the *Marseillaise*, and their

other famous song, *Marlbrooks' en va-t-en guerre*; they think they must be dreaming, so great is the contrast; but no, it is too real, too dreadfully true, for there are the unhappy prisoners the French have taken marching along with them in triumph, their hands are tied and their eyes cast down, and as they drag their weary limbs along, the people observe that they wear the Russian uniform. It is well that it is not the Austrian; they are spared that humiliation.

On they go through the main streets of the town, until all of a sudden the order is given to halt, and the music suddenly stops. Then an officer steps forward to the colonel of a regiment, and at a word from him four soldiers come forward and walk up to the small house surrounded by its peaceful garden which lies on the other side of the road.

Every man, woman, and child in Vienna knew this house, it was the home of Joseph Haydn.

When the people saw this a cry of rage escaped from them. "Joseph Haydn, Father Haydn," they cried as with one voice, "they will take him prisoner."

But no! the soldiers shouldered arms and placed themselves as a guard of honour before the door.

And the musicians of the troops stopped too before the house, and broke out suddenly with an air familiar to all the people of Vienna, the great air in the *Creation*, "With verdure clad."

Like bitter irony sounded the music in the ears of the people. What! the French dared to play the music of their great master as if it was their own! and tears of mortification flowed down the cheeks of many of them at what they considered a fresh insult.

At that moment a window in the upper storey of the house was opened, and a venerable head appeared at it. Every one uncovered involuntary and bowed. It was a tribute paid by the French to his genius; but Haydn as he stood before them at that moment, pale, and with his eyes flashing with anger, would not acknowledge it. He felt indignant at their presuming to play his music, as a sort of triumphant song of victory over his countrymen. He was not now Haydn the composer, but Haydn the patriot. Sternly he gazed at them for a moment, then turning to the side were the Viennese were massed together, silent spectators to the scene, he cried in a loud sonorous voice, stretching out his arms as if to embrace them,

"Ah, my children, you can give them a better song still than that," and then he began himself the first line of *Gott erhalte Franz der Kaiser*. Like an electric shock the notes ran through the people, and as one man they sang the grand old hymn with him, and continued singing it as if in defiance of the French, as the troops marched away silently from the house and to their quarters at the other end of the town.

The moral influence of the great old man was too much for them and they could not swagger or boast in the presence of such a spirit.

Joseph Haydn stood still at his window for some time listening to the voices of the people as they died away in the distance, his hands were folded as if in prayer, prayer for his beloved country in her hour of peril. He did not, indeed, live to see it answered in its full sense, for the peace of Pressburg, as it was called and which was signed in 1806, involved the loss of important provinces and great humiliation for the Austrian Empire—but his fine hymn became, as is well known, the National Anthem of his country.

## *Catholic Review.*

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### I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Life of Christ.* By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, 1874.

THIS important work, to which we have alluded in an article a few pages back, has many claims upon attention, and is in many respects highly commendable. It must always be a gratification to a Catholic writer to have to notice an industrious, conscientious, well conceived, and well executed work on our Lord's life, written from the point of view of earnest faith and reverential love. It is very strange, indeed, that there should be so few good lives of our Lord in any language, and that our own literature should be so deficient as it is in this respect. It may be that the subject, with all its attractions, perhaps even because of its attractions, appears too difficult, or it may be that the literature with which it is surrounded is so large in extent as to deter any one who cannot give a lifetime to the task. There may be other reasons, such as the controversies which beset many subjects which must be handled by any one who fairly grapples with the life of our Lord—controversies as to which few can see their way clearly unless they have the guiding light of the Church to shine upon their path. But it is of no use to speculate as to the causes of the comparative scarcity of such biographies as that now presented to us by Dr. Farrar, when the very fact is one reason more for making us welcome his book as far as our position allows us to welcome it. It is not all that we could wish, but it is in many respects a very good book for those to whom it is more immediately addressed. Those among them who are the most near to Catholicism, those even who retain what were the higher Anglican traditions of thirty or forty years ago, will find much in it that they do not altogether like, and will miss much which they would have been glad to have. But it will help many to understand more fully than before at least one side, so to speak, of the existence of our Blessed Lord—it will give them a more connected view of His earthly ministry, it will make them feel more at home with the surroundings of His life, while it brings together a very large amount of information of various kinds which bears upon the general subject. There is more learning about it than about the pretentious flippancy of Rénan, and

the "local colouring," as it is commonly called, is given quite as well as in the work of the French infidel, though with rather too much of repetition. We do not in the least believe that "Galilee is a fifth Gospel," in the words of the author just named; but Dr. Farrar has certainly gained a great deal by his visit to the Holy Land, and his readers have the full benefit of his advantages. The style is bright and pleasing, except where it is somewhat too ornate. The temptation to a writer in Dr. Farrar's position to take liberties here and there with the simple pictures of the Gospel was inevitable, but he has not yielded to it with extravagant frequency.

Dr. Farrar's great defect, of course, is that he is no theologian. Not only is he no theologian, but he seems rather to glory in his deficiencies in this respect. In more than one place he makes a parade of something like contempt for "recondite inquiries about the *περιχώρησις* or *communicatio idiomatum*, the hypostatic union, the abstract impeccability, and such scholastic formulæ"—in a way which partly takes away our breath, when we consider what the truths are which are thus jauntily waved away, and partly makes us doubt whether our worthy author knows much more about them than the frightened old woman in the story knew about "Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Durham." We shall only say that a writer on our Lord's life, who can speak in a disparaging manner of the theology which alone can interpret that Life and explain its purpose and its results, must think himself very well off if he incurs no severer condemnation than that which is involved in the conclusion that out of his own mouth he is convicted of the most thorough and childish superficiality. It is as if he was undertaking to sail across the Atlantic and objected to such pedantic appliances as the compass and the means for ascertaining the longitude. Dr. Farrar may remember certain people who tithed mint, anise, and cummin, and neglected the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy and faith. The man who writes on our Lord's life, and neglects theology, while he takes great pains to get up all that the Talmud can yield him of illustrations of Hebrew ecclesiasticism, and all the flowers and birds and trees, the colour of the skies, and other physical features of the Holy Land, pays a very Pharisaic attention to matters of small moment, while he despises, with true Pharisaic hollowiness, the weightier matters on which all the rest depend.

In truth, if it be the merit of Dr. Farrar's book to give a beautiful picture of all the surroundings, and even of the external incidents, of the earthly existence of our Lord, it is its demerit that it gives, after all, so vague an idea of His Divine Person. Even some part of the history, as it is usually conceived, and as it is conceived by the Evangelists, are omitted. We may pardon Dr. Farrar, who is no theologian, for passing over the exordium of the Gospel of St. John, though it might have been imagined that an Anglican clergyman could hardly persuade himself to do so. But what are we to say of a Life of Christ which leaves out

the first chapter of St. Luke? which says nothing about our Blessed Lady's condition at the time of the Annunciation, nothing about the Annunciation itself, or the Visitation? Perhaps Dr. Farrar was afraid of these mysteries—but they certainly belong to the life of our Lord. He does not disbelieve in miracles, but he would use them sparingly, keep them in the background, and prove the divinity of Christianity by this argument. We certainly believe that the divinity of Christianity can be well and thoroughly demonstrated by the argument of which Dr. Farrar seems to be so fond—the effect of the religion upon the world and society, though it may be feared that this head of evidence is not quite within the reach of simple ordinary minds. But we do not understand that a Life of Christ is to be written simply with a view to evidences, and if any facts lie at its very foundation and colour it throughout, they are the facts and mysteries of the Incarnation itself. And when this omission is coupled, as just criticism cannot help coupling it, with the suspicious dislike which the author has evinced to theology and dogma, it assumes a more serious aspect, and seems to point to some hesitancy as to matters more important than ordinary miracles. And Anglican critics themselves have found fault with Dr. Farrar for inadequacy of language on the subject of the Atonement.

The question connected with the harmony of the Gospels must of necessity crop up in any connected Life of Christ, and it is therefore a matter of interest to see how Dr. Farrar deals with them. Harmony, in reference to the Gospel narratives, may mean two things. It may mean the weaving of one continuous narrative which shall in some way or other take in all that they have severally stated, and it may also mean the careful reconciling of the apparent discrepancies which lie on the surface of their several narratives, unless we are prepared to suppose a certain amount of laxity and vagueness in those narratives. Strictly speaking, theories either of verbal inspiration or of general and substantial inspiration, are only incidental to the question, because we may suppose the Evangelists to be perfectly accurate and thoroughly well informed historians, even apart from such inspiration. We are not aware of any case in which Dr. Farrar has openly questioned the accuracy of any one of the Gospel accounts, and he is content with the general proposition—self-evident, indeed, it might be called, but that there have been so many writers who have ignored it in a manner which would not be tolerated as to apparently conflicting statements of any merely secular writers—that if we knew more about the facts we should see the way to reconcile the seeming discrepancies. Practically, Dr. Farrar seems to take the line of adopting one view of the facts which seem discordant, and leaving other difficulties to take care of themselves. This is his way, for instance, with the well known difficulties about the house of Annas and the two versions of the miracle wrought in favour of the centurion's servant. He takes a little more trouble as to the Sermon on the Mount and the Sermon on the Plain,



the identification of which two discourses, after the evident pains taken by St. Luke to tell us, almost in so many words, that they are distinct, is to our mind the unvarying mark of a writer who has not mastered the first elements of Gospel Harmony. Dr. Farrar, as we have implied, identifies them. Here again, we think his whole method of proceeding too facile and shallow. We have definite statements to deal with, made by authors whose acquaintance with the facts and with the sources whence accurate information might be drawn cannot be denied, and who had every conceivable reason for being minutely faithful. This is the lowest view that can be taken of the Evangelists. It has always seemed to us foolish and dangerous to trifle with any word that they have deliberately written, even in a pure narrative of external facts. And the words and teaching of our Lord come to us through them—words and teaching as to which it is all-important and vital, especially to those who do not acknowledge the authoritative teaching of the Church—to have the most solid security for perfect and minute accuracy. In truth, to a writer on our Lord's Life, the importance of a correct theory of harmony, a knowledge of the manner in which the several Evangelical histories were composed out of the personal or traditional knowledge of their writers as to that Life as a whole, a definite set of principles founded on a clear intelligence as to the method and object of each Evangelist in particular—all this is, we think, scarcely less frequently necessary than a mastery of the Catholic doctrine and theology concerning our Lord's Person and work.

We must now, however, forget that Catholic critics look upon the subject which Dr. Farrar has treated from a point of view which is not exactly his. For us, the Church existed before the New Testament, and she is our guarantee for the Gospels which she places in our hands. The Gospels are not less to us than they are to Protestants on that account, though we have the immense blessing of not being obliged to build up for ourselves out of the Gospels our ideas of our Lord and the work which He came to do. But the Life of our Lord can never be separated, in our minds, from the Church which He was all the time founding, which was to be, in truth, the continuation in the world of that Life itself. At Bethlehem, at Nazareth, in the Desert, in Galilee, in Judæa, and in Jerusalem, He was laying down principles and sowing seeds which have lived on and flourished and borne fruit ever since, and the whole history of Christianity, the whole life and system of the Church, is to us the great commentary and explanation, as well as the natural outcome, of the Life of the Incarnate Son of God, the Second Adam, the Founder of the new Kingdom. It is inevitable that this view of the Life of our Lord should require much in a narrative in which that Life is unfolded which is not to be found in a work like that of Dr. Farrar. We can only hope that it will help his own coreligionists to a better knowledge and a deeper love of Him who is its subject. Indeed, we would fain think that it can hardly be otherwise.

2. *Rome or Death.* By Alfred Austin. London, 1874.

It has often been remarked that our idea of an historical character is constantly founded on the vivid impressions left on the mind by a poem, or novel, the drama, or the opera. Scott has condemned Louis the Eleventh, Schiller has stamped Philip the Second as a murderer, Donizetti has branded Lucrezia Borgia. The writer remembers vainly urging in her favour the testimony of Prescott, against the adverse judgment of an Oxford M.A. The scholar could not shake off the prejudice, he could not forget the impression the passion-laden opera had left on his mind. Mr. Austin's new work, *Rome or Death*, professes to be an essay which will prove that "political events and emotions of our own time admit of poetical treatment by a contemporary writer." Whether his work has proved this or not, we do not intend to discuss. To a Catholic the last few years of the Church's history have been but one magnificent canto, which it would require a heaven-inspired poet to sing aright, and which would take a foremost place in the divine epic of God's *Gesta* on earth. But Mr. Austin's poem pretends to be more than a poem. "The description of the campaign of Mentana, as given in the following pages is, in its broad outlines, historically accurate." He deprecates, perhaps with a tinge of sarcasm at our modern romantic school of *accurate* historians, any too close adhesion to the precise state of the weather, dates, and distances; but he begs the reader "to believe that the disregard of literal fact in the treatment of these minor matters has not been engendered by ignorance. I think I may say, without presumption, and in order to inspire him with some little confidence in the narrative, that when I write of war, I write not at second-hand, but as one who has followed it with his own steps, or seen it with his own eyes; and that in all which appertains to Italy, my sympathy has been awakened by no hasty sojourn in that seductive land, whether in the days of its affliction, during the period of its struggles, or in the present epoch of its complete regeneration."

Now here we have the poet begging us to accept his utterances as a faithful record of events told by one who was an eye-witness of the stirring scenes he describes. And here we must completely join issue with Mr. Austin. Let his poetry be real verse, and, as we think, far more poetical and beautiful than that of some modern *poetasters*, who like their comrades in painting and architecture, seek to surprise by startling novelties, where they cannot command admiration by true genius; we do not care to discuss or are not able to discuss the question. We do not even stay to protest against the gross insults unnecessarily, and at the sacrifice of good taste, proffered against our holy Faith, spite of Mr. Austin's patronizing expressions of distant respect for a Church from which in a former work he vaunts himself an apostate.<sup>1</sup> Nor do we stop to complain with so many of

<sup>1</sup> Preface to *Madonna's Child*.

our contemporaries of the breadth of allusions which make his books a subject of sorrow and pain to those who admire his gifts. We only wish to enforce our protest against *Rome or Death* going forth as in any way a truthful picture of the events it describes. And in saying this we do not, of course, impugn for a moment Mr. Austin's veracity. Eye-witnesses are not always the best historians. They do not always, to use a good plain English phrase, see further than their nose. Mr. Austin was not less prone to Garibaldimania than the sober statesmen and the reserved aristocracy of England, who were proud to honour the *postiche* hero on his visit to Stafford House. Mr. Austin very naturally, poet by nature, caught the enthusiasm amidst which he lived, and saw through the eyes and heard through the ears of those around him. His judgment would have been calmer had he been further removed, however much of colour his poem must have lost by distance. We have not been in the wars, nor can we boast of acquaintance with the fustian hero of the two worlds. Italy is well known to us, and perhaps more dearly loved, than by Mr. Austin; with the help of documentary evidence, the French, English, and Italian Press, and the kind aid of some who were more than spectators, we can, we are sure, judge justly the truth or falsehood of the history conveyed in the glowing pages of *Rome or Death*.

To be quite fair to the poet we must quote the last phrase of his Preface, leaving the reader to understand it as best he may, and to judge whether any disavowal it may contain is sufficient escape from what we shall have to blame in the poem. "The entire poem must be regarded as strictly epical and objective, and whatever strong and even combative phrases it may contain, must be considered, not as *personal*<sup>2</sup> utterances of the author, but rather as the reflection and representation of the feelings natural to those who were actually engaged in the attempt whose failure it records."<sup>3</sup>

And now for facts *versus* fiction.

So in the gyves by tortured tyrants wrought  
Rome still lay languishing, nor spoke for woe,  
But only with pale eyes her kin besought  
To watch the hour to smite her keeper low.

So every eye and heart were turned to Rome,  
And hands were sworn to vengeance.

The first four lines might easily have been answered by those who knew Rome in the days of the Centenary or the Pope's Jubilee, had not Mr. Austin himself, in stanza ccv., given us the answer in words which may fairly describe the surprise of some uninitiated enthusiast when he came to learn the truth about Rome. They express what one would have said who for the first time found out that spite of the constant efforts of the secret societies, the subsidies of the Italian Government

<sup>2</sup> The italics are our own.

<sup>3</sup> This would be intelligible enough if it referred only to words put in the mouths of others.

(*vide* Florence correspondent of the *Times*, in a letter dated January 3, 1868) to the "so-called Roman National Committee," which from 1859 had received from each successive Italian Ministry monthly sums of from five thousand to ten thousand francs, say £40,000 in seven years, and spite of the untold seductions of place and power held out to the Romans, spite of over £1,000 distributed on the eve of the abortive attempt made by the blowing up of the Serristori barracks on October 22, "Rome," to slightly alter his words, "does not rise."

Rome rise? Yes—when you raise her. Not till then.

And what has passed since the October of 1867, has only proved more clearly that the insurrection in Rome was as fictitious as was the pretended insurrection of the Roman States.

It had been said over and over again, that as soon as the French troops left Rome, as they did in 1865, the Papal Government would not last a week. And yet more than two years passed of profound peace, a peace which deputies and senators of the Italian Chambers could see, without fear of being molested, whenever they chose to take the train to Rome. Then it became clear that if Rome was to be gained, it must be from outside. And hence for several months Garibaldi was allowed to stump the country, dinning into the ears of the people the cry, which seems, spite of its comical untruth, to have charmed Mr. Austin, of *Rome or Death*. The quarrel in the Italian Chambers, between the fallen Ratazzi and his successors in office, faithfully recorded by the correspondent of the *Times*, already quoted, in a letter of January 6, 1868, shows that at all events from about the 9th of October, 1867, the then Premier determined to give his whole assistance to the Garibaldian movement.<sup>4</sup> To prove the insurrection was anything but home-made, the Pontifical Government from the commencement published the lists of the prisoners taken by its soldiers in the various engagements, giving the country and place whence they came.<sup>5</sup> These statements, the apathy and open hostility of the inhabitants of the Papal States, attested by the Garibaldians themselves, made the English Press alter its sensational announcements of "Roman Insurrection," into "Invasion of the Papal States." We shall notice in its place Mr. Austin's *poetical* description of the reception of the Garibaldians by the people of Monte Rotondo.

The *Opinione* of October 5, 1867, in a correspondence from Naples, October 3, says, "The Liberal party, ever since last December, has forced the hand of Government to organize in the most exposed villages (on the Neapolitan frontier), bodies of volunteers. Thus, daring young men trained to arms have been able to enter the ranks." This was only one of the many ways by which the Italian Government, spite

<sup>4</sup> See "The Piedmontese at Rome," MONTH, vol. ii. (Third Series). No. VI. June, p. 133, and *passim*.

<sup>5</sup> Thus out of one hundred and ten Garibaldian prisoners taken at the assault of Bagnorea, twelve were *emigrati*, that is, exiles for political or other reason. The rest belonged to other provinces of Italy. *All* had come over the border.

of the Convention, prepared for a *spontaneous* revolt; these are the gallant heroes our poet describes as leaving home and country, armed only with a ploughshare, to fight for Rome. The *Opinione* of October 15, says, "Several Roman officers of the Italian army have given in their resignation to the Minister of War. They do not, however, quit army, but *have received leave* of absence, to be able to fly to the aid of their countrymen." Of these was the famous Ghirelli, commander of the Roman Legion. Like some of the supporters of the Claimant, who, out of loyalty to his cause, refused to read any evidence brought against him, Mr. Austin must surely not have noticed the revelations about that *cordon* of Italian troops, which he describes as blocking the way to so many who would otherwise have joined the insurrection or invasion of the Papal States.<sup>6</sup> The *Times* correspondent already quoted writes fully on the subject on January 6. Accordingly as

The Gallic weathercock did point,

so certainly the vigilance of the troops on the frontier was increased or slackened. But free passes by rail, shoes, muskets, caps and cartridges from the Government stores at Spezzia were given out, and we know not what besides, to the volunteers of Garibaldi. Were we to quote from Catholic sources we could prove on every side the open connivance of the Italian authorities and the troops under their command. Indeed, the fact that armed and organized bodies, as the five hundred who took Bagnorea, crossed the frontier, is proof enough, if proof were wanting, of the kind of watch they kept. Mr. Austin states that five thousand Garibaldians evaded the *cordon* and awaited their chief on Roman soil. Fabrizi, the head of Garibaldi's staff, in his *Relazione sui fatti di Mentana*, quoted by the *Times* correspondent, December 27, says, "The entire movement of the volunteers of the provinces may be calculated at thirty thousand, inclusive of those who were stopped at the beginning and at the end. Fourteen thousand or so passed through the *dépôt* at Terni,<sup>7</sup> directed to the central corps of operatives commanded by Menotti Garibaldi. As early as the 18th of October, Crispi was forced to telegraph to Ratazzi to beg him to stay any more volunteers. We can readily believe, then, that Garibaldi, according to the *Gazzetta del Popolo* of Turin, October 20, found himself at the head of twenty-two battalions.

Nicotera was in the southern provinces with two thousand men, while Acerbi was ruling as Pro-Dictator at Viterbo at the head of other bands. No allusion, on the other hand, is made by our poet to the work gone through by the Pope's army, which was then worn out with nearly a month's active service. Though it had won success after success at every point of the Papal territory, yet, uncertain of the next move of the Government of Florence, and, still more, uncertain of

<sup>6</sup> Garibaldi, in one of his many preparatory harangues, had said the volunteers would number a million.

<sup>7</sup> See article quoted above.

Napoleon's intentions, it had been recalled from the provinces into Rome and Civita Vecchia. There all its available forces were needed, nor could the Commander-in-Chief, General Kanzler, send more than a handful of men, and that when too late, to succour the little garrison of Monte Rotondo, the number of whose defenders is capable of exact verification. They are given in the report of the Commandant, Captain Costes, of the Antibes Legion, as three hundred and twenty-three. The poet's "citadel" and "circled city" is described by Mr. Davies in his *Pilgrimage of the Tiber*,<sup>8</sup> as a town, offering no point of interest, except its picturesque situation and old baronial residence of the Orsini, "so large in its proportions as to appear to comprise a considerable part of the town." "It is surmounted by a lofty square tower, overlooking a vast extent of the Campagna, its old turrets and walls crumbling to decay with damp and neglect."

Father Franco, in his *Crociati di S. Pietro*, confirms the weakness of the place in a military point of view. "Nine hundred mètres of its circuit are protected only by the slope of the ground, which makes a natural scarp to the houses and the gardens built on the brow; the remaining six hundred mètres are protected only by a feeble wall without embrasures or salients. There are three gates on that side, difficult to defend, as they have no projecting angles, and are commanded by buildings outside them. There were not even enough soldiers to man them." The Papal troops consisted of one hundred and fifty-eight Frenchmen of the Antibes Legion, a company of Swiss Carabineers, besides eighty men made up of a troop of gendarmes, a troop of dragoons, and a few artillerymen, with two field-pieces, a howitzer, and a rifled cannon. Without pretending to state exactly the numbers of the attacking forces,<sup>9</sup> Father Franco describes the first two columns as consisting of about six hundred men each. No doubt the idea of the chiefs was that the town would fall like Jericho at the sound of their trumpets. Still, spite of lying reports and telegrams, even by that time the Garibaldians must have wished unsaid the braggadocio of their garrulous chief, when he told the Italian army to keep their arms for nobler quarry, as the butt-ends of their guns would be enough to drive away the Papal mercenaries. Bagnorea and Monte Libretti had been a sad surprise. Nor could they longer count on the treason of the native Pontifical troops.

Unlike the poet, the victors freely admit the daring valour of many of their assailants—men who had fought in every raising of bucklers for the Revolution, and who had learnt in the Italian Legion, formed

<sup>8</sup> P. 184.

<sup>9</sup> The *Times* correspondent, Rome, October 28, says, "What is certain is, that although the detachments of Papal troops opposed to the invaders have been, upon almost every occasion, numerically inferior to their foe, the victory has almost invariably been theirs." "His (Garibaldi's) enormous superiority of numbers in that affair (Monte Rotondo) may be considered to have been partially compensated by the superior military training of their adversaries, by their possession of better arms, and still more, by their discipline and unity of action."



by England during the Crimea, the art of war. But it is not true that all the attack was made—

'Gainst foes that winged, behind safe ramparts mewed,  
Their shaftless barbs, invisible to view;  
Whilst they with overt breast, and courage nude,  
Afresh their baffled onset must renew.

On the contrary, the assailants held a convent outside the walls which commanded completely one of the two gates which they attacked, and was within easy gunshot from the town. Of the two field-pieces the Papal troops possessed, one was soon rendered useless. By night-time the whole army of Garibaldi gathered round the heroic defenders, but yet it was not until one of the gates had been burnt down that the garrison retreated to the Old Palace. They had done their work, they had delayed Garibaldi's march for twenty-four hours; they had obeyed their orders to hold out to the last. Not even then, until the flames began to crawl up the walls, and the cry arose that the palace was mined, nor was any chance left of a successful sally or of succour from without, did the French captain hoist the white flag on the morning of November 26.

We may pass by with a smile the poetic flight which describes the decimated band of heroes leaving their posts in presence of the ever-increasing number of assailants—and "*deeply carousing*." Others were soon to carouse.<sup>10</sup> Nor can we expect Mr. Austin to tell us that it needed all the exertions of Garibaldi's sons and their relative, Major Canzio, when in "the courtyard" the vanquished had piled "both gun and blade," to prevent the volunteers seizing under their very eyes the swords, decorations, great coats, and even the watches of the prisoners. Neither does he tell us of the sack of churches and the bishop's palace, of the murder in cold blood of a private—Zecher—by a discharge which wounded likewise two gendarmes and an artilleryman, spite of Garibaldi's earnest entreaty, "Do not fire, my lads; down with your bayonets; respect your prisoners."<sup>11</sup> Nor does he describe what was seen by all who entered Monte Rotondo—the brutal and disgusting way in which the churches and all that was holy within them had been sacrilegiously defiled by the soldiers of liberty. One cannot be surprised that the *Times* correspondent should write November 20, "It seems proved that in Monte Rotondo at least the French were hailed as deliverers." We cannot accept the correspondent's explanation, that it was only the *red* flag which had made the victors unwelcome. The *Movimento* of Genoa, the *Secolo* of Milan—Garibaldian papers of that date—agree to the words of the last named. "The troops entered the village furious at the hatred shown by the village against them," and

<sup>10</sup> It was currently reported at Rome that the wine of Mentana, famed of old, and just gathered in, so overcame the victors as to prevent Garibaldi, even had other reasons been wanting, from marching directly to Rome.

<sup>11</sup> Vitali, *Le dieci giornate di Monte Rotondo*, p. 80, seq.

so "began a *little* plunder." Morandi's *Da Corese a Tivoli*, pp. 15—20, tells as good jokes what makes one blush.<sup>12</sup>

Garibaldi himself imposed a forced contribution of ten thousand francs on the place; though all agree that his officers laudably exerted themselves to restrain the crimes of their men. Yet our poet gives a whole stanza to an eloquent description of how the people welcomed these very spoilers.

And straight towards Rome their frowning crests were set.<sup>13</sup>

So begins the account of the 3rd of November, the morning of Mentana. Garibaldi *did* march straight towards Rome on October 27, but after viewing it, as Cœur de Lion had to view Jerusalem from a distance, from the other side of the Anio, was glad on the 30th of October, like a certain royal duke, *to march back again*. Perhaps, however, this is one of the historical inaccuracies that we must pardon in a poet; but it makes a material difference whether Garibaldi was on the defensive, entrenched in an almost impregnable position, as was in fact the town of Mentana, or whether he was himself obliged to attack a force which barred the way to Rome. Besides which had he dared to go out against the Papal mercenaries, they, and they alone, would have been found in Rome if he had attacked the city on the 26th or 27th. The French did not arrive at Rome before October 30. But the fight at Vigna Gloria—stripped of the ridiculous rhodomontade by which the seventy were extolled above Leonidas and Fabius, and as the truth must have been known to the intelligent Prussian and Italian officers on Garibaldi's staff—proved conclusively that Rome could not be taken. The alternative of "Death" was not, *pace* Mr. Austin, so anxiously desired by the hero or his followers.

Neither did "Cairolì," in that fight, fall "overborne, one against three." The *Times* correspondent cited above gathered from the lips of one of the wounded that Cairolì's rash intrepidity led them on "to an enterprize which could only end in their destruction." "A mile and a half from Rome they were met by a detachment of Zouaves, which the Italian reports made out to be five hundred, but which it is here (Rome) said to be about one hundred and twenty. The Garibaldians defended themselves in a house, but were driven out of it. . . . Altogether some four were killed and sixteen wounded."

The general in command of Rome, General Zappi, states in his official report that the intended approach of Cairolì was first discovered

<sup>12</sup> A correspondent from Florence to the *Standard*, after Mentana, says that the Garibaldians told him the peasants and village population were Papal to the backbone, and so distrustful of their visitors, that doors and windows were barred whenever the latter drew near. And the Naples correspondent to the *Times*, November 20, quotes Captain —, a Garibaldian, who stated "that the population of the Pontifical States were generally hostile to them; that women and children took up arms against them, refusing them food, and even water. Not merely in the country, but in the towns it was the same. . . . The *plébiscite* was taken by us; were it taken generally, it would be in favour of the Pope." See too Florence correspondent of *Times*, November 7, 1867.

<sup>13</sup> St. clxvi.

by the police, and then confirmed by a patrol of gendarmes who saw the band, and in consequence of this information he despatched half a company of Carabinieri Esteri, Swiss, under Captain Mayer, with an escort of dragoons, in all fifty men. Cairoli was in a strong position, and by some mistake the attacking party got divided in two, and in the ascent of the steep declivity Mayer found himself with only twenty-five followers in presence of seventy daring and determined men. Night only separated the combatants. A body of Zouaves did come to the rescue, but Mayer prevailed on them not to risk a further advance in broken ground, and in face of an enemy whose numbers they did not know. But as for setting their faces towards Rome on November 3, not even General Fabrizi, the Garibaldian, asserts that, but rather that they were making the best of their way to Tivoli,<sup>14</sup> as being a favourable defensive position, and convenient as a point of junction for the three corps styled Right, Centre, and Left. What the Right and Left wings, respectively under Nicotera and Acerbi, had done, would afford plenty of scope for fun, if we could put out of consideration the pillage and sacrilege committed wherever they had been. War with its stern horrors was little to their taste.<sup>15</sup> There are grave reasons to believe that Garibaldi meant to go further than Tivoli—in fact to throw himself into the Abruzzi,<sup>16</sup> and thence to incite the whole peninsula to open revolt against Victor Emmanuel, or oblige him to war with France. In any case he was *not* marching to Rome or to Death, when Colonel Charette came upon him with his Zouaves.

It would take too long to follow Mr. Austin in the vivid flashes of poesy with which he describes the battle. We may sum then all up in a few words. Garibaldi on the march descries the coming foe, and he places his men under cover. The Papal troops begin the fire, the Garibaldians return it; they lost not one rood of ground, when a bayonet charge was ordered along the whole line, "driving in each serried rank." And so, in plain English, the Papal troops "flung blade and rifle down," "and fled in wildering flakes of loose dismay," until "as from the ground" came up the "glittering legions of imperious France." And "then those fled who never fled before," and "once only did they turn and stand at bay," when they saw "the *base mongrels* that had slunk away," join in pursuit, "to tear the backs, before whose breasts they fled." Night came, and the bands dispersed. "A little band, at daybreak left behind," in Mentana, "still kept unbroken front." So far Mr. Austin's story.

First, as to the number of the combatants. Of the Franco-Papal troops we have General Kanzler's careful and detailed report, giving two thousand nine hundred and thirteen as his own men, and two thousand two hundred French under General Polhès, in all five thousand men; and this is endorsed by the *Times*, both in its leader

<sup>14</sup> The *Times* of November 12 accepts this in a leading article.

<sup>15</sup> See *Times* correspondent, Florence, Nov. 20, and article above quoted, p. 138.

<sup>16</sup> *Corriere Mercantile* of Geneva, Nov. 6, and other Italian papers of that date.

of November 12th, and in its correspondence from Florence, writing on November 7th. The Garibaldians assert in their report that their forces by desertion had shrunk to five thousand. The *Gazzetta di Torino* of November 5th reduces them to two thousand five hundred, while it makes the Papal army *ten times* that number. The *Gazzetta di Milano*, of the same date, puts down the Garibaldians at three thousand, the Papal forces twelve thousand; but its special correspondent from the camp, in the very same number, says, "The effective amounted to eight or ten thousand men, divided into twenty-four battalions. The statement of the *Univers* is that they numbered ten or twelve thousand. The official Roman paper gives their number at ten thousand. General Kanzler says that they must have been about nine thousand strong, basing his calculations on various proofs. One thousand three hundred and ninety-eight were made prisoners, seven hundred escorted to the frontier, five hundred wounded were collected by the Papal troops, and six hundred dead were buried by them; this makes about three thousand two hundred. The towns north, east, and west of Italy were filled with wounded, who owing to the nearness of Mentana to the frontier, made good their escape, as did the bulk of the fugitives. There is every reason then why we should accept Kanzler's estimate. And this would give nine thousand against five thousand. The French reserve was there for political motives, otherwise its place would have been taken by Pontifical troops. The *Times* acknowledged in an article, cited by the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, November 12th, "that it was inclined to believe that the Papal troops could have held their own without the aid from France, if the Government of Florence had not aided Garibaldi."

Certainly no army could have wished for or chosen better vantage-ground than that which Garibaldi occupied. While a road for retreat was open on his rear, leading to the strong position of Monte Rotondo; the Castle of Mentana, as those who remember the sketch of it in the *Illustrated News*, could not be taken without regular siege-train,<sup>17</sup> a position which guaranteed the centre of his forces. Before it, as natural ramparts, are ridges broken and rising one behind the other, covered with brushwood, or if under cultivation, thick with vines, and at frequent intervals scattered farmhouses affording splendid cover for skirmishers. The highroad winds over these ridges, overlooked often by wooded heights, narrowing in one part to a mere defile between two hills, one of which was crowned by the Villa Santucci. This is a large building with a garden surrounded by a lofty wall, about a mile from the town. Nor was it so easy to turn the flanks of the Garibaldian army. To the west a deep valley, to the east a high ridge covered with detached houses, protected the town. All agree that the stand could not have been made in a more favourable spot, even if it were admitted that Garibaldi was taken by surprise. And we are happy to be able

<sup>17</sup> See Polhès' opinion of its strength recorded by M. d'Ideville in article quoted above.

to agree with Mr. Austin, who allows that the Garibaldians were awaiting the attack. But after that we disagree seriously. The engagement began about three miles outside Mentana. If the Papal troops made no progress, and then fled, they must have been some way on towards Rome before the French troops and their chassepots came to their aid. Besides, up till half-past three the reserve was immediately behind them on the highroad they had traversed, and by which only they could have retired. The French troops, when ordered into action, deployed right and left, and advanced in support of the extreme right and left of the Papal troops, and thus the Garibaldians could *at that time*, it is true, have pursued their vanquished foe along the Via Nomentana, if they had been vanquished. Such a move would have thrown in their rear the "soldiers of imperious France," a piece of strategy which would have left few of the nine thousand to tell their tale. But now, what are the true facts. The fight only commenced at a quarter to one, and "by Garibaldi's order," we are quoting Gualterio, "about two we retired into Mentana." The first defences were carried by the Zouaves with the bayonet, then Villa Santucci was taken, and the Papal troops pressed onward towards Mentana, nor was it till half-past three (Kanzler's report) that the General was forced to call to his aid the reserve of General Polhès. Kanzler distinctly says that Colonel Allet of the Zouaves "throughout the action exerted himself to keep close the ranks of his soldiers, who were carried away by their ardour." It was, to compare great with small, like the charge up the hill of Alma, as described by Kinglake. Officers and men broke the ranks and rushed forward against the foe. The same impetuosity made the Papal troops dash themselves against the fortress of Mentana, and threw away many a precious life in an attempt to reach the castle gate. The only fact that gives any ground for Mr. Austin's poetic description of Garibaldian success, and of its being arrested by the French, is to be found in the report of Kanzler, a document recommending itself by its frankness, and the air of truthfulness which prevails throughout, and a fairness towards his adversaries which was favourably compared by the defeated with the language used in their regard by the Italian Ministerial Press. He tells how the "infantry advancing on Mentana, strove to gain ground to the right and left of that formidable position. The enemy deployed strong columns to take us in flank on both sides at once; and his manœuvre succeeded, especially on our right."<sup>18</sup> There were stationed the Swiss carabineers, and their chief, the brave Commandant Castella, had his horse killed under him and was wounded. "The battalion which had got very far forward into a plantation of olive trees, and at a very short distance from the houses, soon found itself between two fires, but in spite of sensible losses, it still held its ground." Fabrizi's report, or rather Menotti Garibaldi's, which he adopts, says that "a compact and vigorous charge with the bayonet at one moment seemed to have given the victory to Garibaldi. But the Franco-Papals

<sup>18</sup> Article cited above, p. 138.

brought up fresh reserves," &c. The Garibaldians did not at the time know that these reserves were French troops, so that the poem is quite inaccurate when it attributes the discouragement and rout of the Volunteers to their finding themselves face to face with the Imperial Eagles. It was only after the discovery made *some days later* that they gave all the glory of the success to chassepot rifles. Kanzler knew the strength of his enemy too well to think of dislodging them with only three thousand men. Nor was it wonderful, after so desperate a conflict, over three miles of difficult ground, and when his soldiers had arrived in front of a stronghold, which enabled Garibaldi, or whoever commanded, safely to throw out large bodies of men right and left and overwhelm the wearied assailants by their superior numbers, that the commander should call up his reserves.

"Abuse your adversaries' attorney," is Mr. Austin's solitary excuse, if we look upon him as merely writing polemics, when he dares to call "base mongrels," men who counted among their ranks scions of the noblest houses of Europe. A better judge than he, a Piedmontese General, after Castel Fidardo, said that the names of Zouave prisoners read like the list of the invited to a royal ball in the days of the Grand Monarque. But if the poet's democratic tendencies make him think little of Leiningens, Bourbons, Borghesi, Alcantaras, De Blacas, Vavasours, it might be well to imitate the reserve of a Garibaldian who told Ozanam at his death, "You have your principles, I have mine." If the number of nationalities in the Pope's army merits for it the title of mongrels, it shares its shame with that Church which contains members of every race under the sun. The Garibaldians, fighting professedly for Rome, had wider aims, and so they likewise gathered under their banners, as did the Commune of Paris, what has been called the Cosmopolitan Revolution. The second in command was Frigyesi, an Hungarian.

History will judge whether the youth of France, Holland, Belgium, and the other countries of Christendom who left home and friends to give their life for all they considered most sacred are to be preferred before those whom the threats of secret societies, the bribe of Revolutionary committees, royal or otherwise, hurried on to the carnage of Mentana. Nor must we forget to give due meed of praise to the subjects of the Pope, all of whom were, as is the case in our own army, fighting by their own free choice, and who spite of largesses promised or of menaces of assassination, stood as firm to their sovereign and Father as did any of those who from foreign lands gave their swords for his service. The discussions in the Italian Chambers between the 9th and the 29th of December, quoted largely by the Florence correspondent of the *Times*, the angry polemics of the leaders of the Garibaldians in the southern portion of the Papal States, tells us clearly what was the rank and file of the invading army.

But the defence of Rome against the regular army of Italy in 1870, the heroism of the French Zouaves at Patey and Le Mans, the ludicrous



or lamentable failure of Garibaldi in his French campaign, the conduct of his followers in that Commune which desired him to be its general is a sufficient answer to a poem which, whatever its other merits, adds to the dreary list of histories which are a conspiracy against truth. It may fairly be questioned whether in any case a writer in Mr. Austin's position can be excused for painting events of the times in which he lives, even in poetry, in colours altogether so false as those of *Rome or Death*. What is peculiar, however, in the case, is this—that he has painted history in colours altogether false at the very same time that he is making a special profession of his most scrupulous regard for truth. If he had said nothing about it, any one might have attributed his misrepresentation of the broad outlines of the tale which he has chosen to relate, either to ignorance or to an exaggerated idea of the license permitted in poetry. As it is, we cannot be surprised if those who know what the facts of the history really are, are inclined to judge the Garibaldian poet as severely as the Garibaldians whose deeds he records.

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3. *Histoire Générale de l'Eglise depuis la Création jusqu'à nos jours.* Par l'Abbé J. E. Darras. T. xx. Paris: Louis Vivés, 1874.

The twentieth volume of the *General History of the Church*, begins with the pontificate of John the Thirteenth (A.D. 965), and closes with the resignation of the pseudo-Pope Benedict the Ninth, in 1046. The Apostolic virtues of the first-named Pontiff, standing in refreshing contrast with the failings of his almost immediate predecessor of the same name, won for him the favour and support of the German Emperor, Otho the Great. The intrigues against the peace and independence of Italy, of which the Court of Byzantium was the centre, determined the choice of Luitprand, Bishop of Cremona, as Ambassador to Constantinople. His letters to his Imperial master are filled with vivid descriptions of scenes and personages, and may well claim the attention of the student for the light they throw on the origin of the Greek schism.

Hurrying from the constant succession of treason and assassination, of which the Byzantine Court was the theatre, the author presents to us the majestic personality of Otho the Great, whose reign shines forth amid the darkness of the tenth age with the splendours of the ideal of Christian monarchy. Son, husband, and brother, of saints whose names are enshrined in the pious veneration of Christian races, the Carolingian dynasty owed to him its last period of prosperity and greatness. His alliance with Zimisce, strengthened as it was by the marriage of the Byzantine Princess Theophano, with his son and successor, suggested to him the plan of freeing Jerusalem from the yoke of Islam, with the combined forces of East and West. The Venetians were the first to join in this league, but the death of Otho adjourned the Crusades for another century.

The death of this monarch left for awhile the Church of Rome at the mercy of the turbulent and sordid aristocracy, to whose sacrilegious ambition we may ascribe the only calamities in its annals which our gainsayers can point at with the finger of scorn. After a short reign of scarce two years, Benedict the Sixth was arrested by Crescentius, the worthy son of Theodora, and murdered in his dungeon. The Cardinal-Deacon Franco, one of the instigators of this parricide, usurped the Apostolic throne under the name of Boniface the Seventh; but driven from the city by an outburst of popular execration, he fled to Constantinople, where he sought to curry favour with his protector by deposing, in virtue of his so-called Apostolic prerogative, the legitimate Patriarch to make way for a Court favourite.

We refer our readers to the arguments whereby the author makes good the claim of Donus the Second to be numbered among St. Peter's successors. Apart from the interest attaching to the particular point, the Abbé's way of treating this vexed historical question affords us an instructive insight into the legitimate method of criticism. The crimes of the Roman patriciate, and the sacrilegious attempts of the self-styled Boniface the Seventh, who renewed his claims to the Papal Chair after the death of Otho the Second, supply him with a further opportunity of displaying his talent for sifting evidence in the case of John the Fifteenth, whose existence is questioned by some grave authorities beyond the Rhine.

The tenth century is marked at its close by the elevation of the illustrious Gerbert to the Chair of Peter, under the name of Sylvester the Second. He was the first Frenchman who ever attained that honour. As is well known, his name belongs no less to the annals of the exact sciences than to the records of the Church. It is to him we owe the introduction of the Arabic, or rather Indian, characters now in universal use for the expression of quantity. The author, as might be expected, dwells *con amore* on the minutest particulars of a life which has shed such lustre on his country and race. Without attempting to follow him in detail, we may observe that he confutes the common notion of Gerbert's having studied in the Moorish schools of Spain; to Spain he doubtless went, but it was in the episcopal city of Vich, on the southern slopes of the Pyrenees, that he laid the foundation of his scientific fame, which has won for his memory the homage of the Encyclopædist D'Alembert.

In his interesting account of the labours of Gerbert, the author speaks of his European fame, of the multitudes that thronged round his chair, of the honourable countenance given to him by the highest personages in Church and State. This suggests the thought that, after all, the tenth century was not so dark as it is usually painted, and that the stereotyped common-places of a certain school may be justly deemed to betoken an ignorance somewhat more dense than that commonly credited to this much abused epoch.

Like other great benefactors of their kind, the shepherd-boy of

Aurillac, known to history as the monk Gerbert and as Pope Sylvester the Second, has been rewarded by posthumous calumny, a distinction he shares with St. Gregory the Seventh. The charges of necromancy and of demoniacal dealings to which Benno and William of Malmesbury have given currency, though rejected as absurd by Baronius, have contributed not a little to warp the judgment he has placed on record concerning a man who was ever willing to submit to any violence rather than furnish a pretext for schism, and who, when seated on the Chair of Peter, gave proof of indomitable energy and courage in asserting the rights and prerogatives of the Church of Rome.

In taking leave of the tenth century, our historian gives a masterly *resumé* of the causes of the decline of the Roman See during that disastrous epoch. The division of the Franco-German Empire by the heirs of Charlemagne gave occasion to those interminable wars of succession, which, in their turn, encouraged the raids of the Normans and Saracens at the opposite extremities of Europe. The weakening of the central power left the Church and City of Rome an easy prey to the neighbouring feudal lords, and to the factions of the local patrician houses. It is easy to understand how, under these unfavourable circumstances, Papal authority could no longer be exercised with freedom and energy, especially when we remember that high-handed violence and assassination reduced the period of each Pope's tenure of the Holy See to the briefest span. Recent discoveries of cotemporary monuments have thrown a new light on this hitherto dark and dismal epoch, have shown that the elements of good, the principles of ecclesiastical and social regeneration, and above all, the seeds of the heavenly life scattered broadcast over the face of the earth by the Word made Flesh, the germs of holiness, were energizing, that He who has never left Himself without witness to the mind and conscience of man in the order of nature, has never ceased to testify to the indwelling of His good, holy, and life-giving Spirit, the Spirit of holiness, in the Church.

Shortly before his death, Sylvester the Second had extended to the Churches of the West the Cluniac custom of the solemn commemoration of all the faithful departed on the morrow of All Saints, and by promulgating the first Jubilee for the year 1000, had entered an emphatic protest against the apocalyptic fancies which fixed at that date the catastrophe that is to close the present dispensation. The ephemeral reigns of his successors, until the accession of Benedict the Eighth in 1012, present but little that need detain us. We may, however, observe that their lives and conversation were not inconsistent with the supreme dignity to which they were called. Of Benedict the Eighth we have but few memorials, which, however, redound to his credit. The main features of his pontificate were the schism occasioned by the intrusion of the Antipope Gregory, the accomplice of the Byzantine faction, and the coronation of St. Henry the Second, by whom he had been re-established in his See.

The immediate successor of Benedict the Eighth was his brother, who is enrolled in the Pontifical catalogue under the name of John the Twentieth. He was a layman and Prefect of the city at the time of his election. The historian has done good service here by reversing the severe judgment against this Pope to which Baronius, in the absence of all but partisan testimonies, has lent the authority of his name. It was under this Pope that a final attempt was made by the Byzantine Court to obtain the assent of Rome to the pretensions of the Patriarch of Constantinople to the style and title of Œcumenical. The Abbé appends to his account of these negociations a contrast of considerable power between the effete polity of the Lower Empire and the Christian Monarchy, established and consecrated by the Popes in the West.

The volume closes with the usurpation of the Apostolic See by the infamous Theophylactus, styling himself, with caustic irony, Benedict the Ninth. The author shows, by indisputable testimony, that this pseudo-Pontiff was never more than a detainer of the temporalities of the Church of Rome, as he never could be brought to take Orders, a fact we commend to the consideration of those who are constantly harping on the acknowledged vices and infamy of this barefaced pretender. He was just as much Pope as Victor Emmanuel.

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4. *Centulle, a Tale of Pau.* By Denys S. Lawlor, Esq. Longmans, 1874.

The south-western corner of France is a part of the country with beauties and interests of its own, and it has not as yet been so trodden down by English tourists and written up by English travel-books as to be familiar even to quiet stay at home people like ourselves. Mr. Denys S. Lawlor is already well known, in connection with this part of France, by his former work on the *Pilgrimages in the Pyrenees and Landes*, and his former reader will be extremely pleased to renew their acquaintance with him. In the present volume he traverses some of his old ground, as well as other spots in the same neighbourhood. Bordeaux, Pau, Biarritz, Bayonne, and many other places on the Pyrenæan frontier. The chapters are full of topographical and historical detail, description of scenery, legend, and the like. He tells us that the present work is more or less grounded on an unfinished novel by a French friend, who had intended to make the Pyrenees the scene of a story into which description and history should be interwoven. He has carried out the plan, and completed the novel, adding a number of details which almost make the work as good as a guide-book.

The story does not lack merit, but it is somewhat of the sentimental strain which perhaps belongs more naturally to French than to English fiction. It serves the purpose, however, admirably, in connection with the other features of the book, and the whole work is very pleasant reading. As a specimen of the more romantic element in it, we give a

legend which has been preserved by Froissart—of the chateau of Coarraze.

At that period the castle, on the ruins of which we are now standing, was inhabited by a haughty Baron, called Raymond de Coarraze. He had offended an ecclesiastical dignitary of Catalonia, by whom he was cited before the Pope, Urban the Fifth, at Avignon, where, after a tedious process, the Baron lost his cause, and was sentenced to a heavy fine. The priest quickly repaired to Bearn, and demanded, in virtue of the decree of His Holiness, that the Sire of Coarraze should pay him a certain portion of the tithes of the district, amounting in value to one hundred florins yearly, which was a considerable sum in those days. But it was easier then to pronounce a judgment than to enforce it, especially against the master of numerous retainers and a battlemented stronghold.

"Master Martin," replied the Baron to this demand, "I hope that you are not sufficiently reckless to attempt to deprive me of any portion of my inheritance. If you do so it will be at the peril of your life."

The priest knew well that in such cases Raymond was a man of his word, and thought it prudent to depart; but before quitting Coarraze he said to the Baron:

"I have only right at my side, you have might. I therefore cannot contest with you, but I will send a champion who will avenge me."

"Begone!" replied the indignant Baron, in his haughtiest tone; "do your best. I fear you not, living or dead. No more words; I never will yield you a fraction of my heritage."

The priest departed, but did not forget his threatened vengeance. One night, as the Sire of Coarraze lay fast asleep, unmindful of that menacing farewell, he heard a terrific uproar, as if of unchained demons, throughout the building. His wife woke up in convulsions, and for a long time could not be calmed. However, the Baron did not heed her terror, forbade her to mention the matter to any person, and pretended to laugh at the affair as nothing but the impressions of a nightmare. The next night, however, a similar uproar was repeated with increased energy, whereupon the Baron, getting up, asked, "Who was making such a noise at such an hour?" A deep voice replied:

"It is I. I have been sent by the priest of Catalonia, whom you have wronged, and whose just rights you have refused. You shall not have either rest or repose until you have fully satisfied his claim."

"Who are you," said the Baron, rather alarmed, "who come with such a pleasant message? What are you called?"

"My name is ORTON," replied the voice.

"Good Master Orton," cunningly rejoined the Baron, "I rejoice to know you. You serve a poor master; a priest can do but little for you. Leave him and enter my service. You will not be sorry for the exchange."

The prospects which the Baron held forth captivated Orton, and he bound himself to renounce the service of the priest and follow Raymond as his new master, thenceforth for evermore. The Baron, who had a great desire to out-do his sovereign, employed the spirit to bring daily intelligence of any remarkable events occurring in the world. When he lay wakeful on his pillow at the dead hours of night, Orton would approach and secretly unfold his budget. His visit always caused great terror to the Baroness, although she could never see him nor understand his communications. When she heard his small, shrill voice she would hide her head under the covering, her hair would stand on end, and her limbs shiver with fear. "Yesterday," the spirit would say, "I was in England," or in Germany or Hungary; and then he would give information of the events which had last happened in those countries.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of Gaston Phœbus, who boasted to receive the earliest information of passing occurrences, when he heard that the lord of Coarraze had means of intelligence which surpassed his own. He determined to find out from his vassal the manner in which he

was enabled to effect this ; and he told him without reserve the story of his mysterious courier. Gaston Phœbus asked the Baron what description of person his messenger resembled ; but he replied that, although he had been in constant communication with him for four years, he had never seen him.

"That is very strange," observed Gaston ; "if I were in your place I would have had more curiosity. I beg of you to find out what sort of being it is. What language does it speak?"

"Bearnais, as good as you or I ; but since you desire it so much, I will ask to get a sight of him."

One night shortly after this conversation, as Raymond lay fast asleep, he was roused by a gentle pressure upon his pillow ; and, in answer to his question, a low voice said :

"It is Orton. I have just come from Prague. The Emperor of Bohemia died yesterday night."

"What is the distance from this to Prague?"

"Sixty days' journey ; but I travel faster than the wind, although I have neither wings nor feet."

Thereupon the Baron expressed his desire to see what manner of being he was, to which the invisible messenger long objected, but finally yielding to his importunity, said :

"The first thing on which you cast your eye to-morrow when you get out of bed will be me."

The Baron got up at break of day next morning, and looked about on every side, but did not see anything. When night came and Orton returned as usual, he said to him :

"You have deceived me prettily ; I saw nothing of you this morning."

"Didn't you see anything at all when you got up?"

"Oh, yes ! two bits of straw twisted round each other on the boards."

The Baron could not but think that the spirit was mocking him, and exhibited much indignation ; whereupon Orton promised to show himself in some more noteworthy form than that of a wisp of straw, and bade him to look out at the window carefully the next morning. Accordingly, the first thing that he saw was a lean, hungry-looking sow trampling the flower-beds. Forgetting all about Orton, he called his dogs and set them in pursuit of the unclean animal ; which instantly disappeared, as if it had sunk into the ground. From that time Orton ceased to visit the Baron, who remembered, when too late, that the spirit had warned him that it never would re-enter his castle or bring him any more intelligence if at any time it should receive the slightest insult or injury. This disappointment preyed so deeply on the mind of Raymond de Coarraze that he pined gradually and died within the year. Thus was the outraged ecclesiastic avenged. This marvellous story, recounted by Froissart, obtains universal belief in this country.

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5. *Woman's Work in Modern Society.* By M. F. Cusack. 1874.

So much nonsense has been written on both sides of the controversy about "Women's Rights," that it is refreshing to meet with a book in which plain and solid truths are put forth with moderation on the subject. In education, and in many parts of the vast field of literature, many women in the present century have equalled or surpassed men, and in times of feverish activity and curiosity, when every one is striving to rise, and the struggle even for the means of existence is a hard battle in many parts of the old world, it is not wonderful that some voices should have been raised for the emancipation of what is called the weaker sex, and that many claims should be put forward on its behalf which sound strange and revolutionary. The Christian Church



has created civilization, made modern science possible, and taught it its alphabet, and she has also delivered woman from the bondage in which she lay, and placed her where she was originally intended to remain, by the side of man. Civilization and modern science have broken loose from the Church, and are threatening her with destruction, in singular ignorance, not only of the fact of their obligations to her, but of the other fact that when she is dethroned, they will themselves be reduced to chains and darkness. Is woman inclined to revolt against her also? or rather, is woman disposed to use the position to which the Christian centuries have raised her, for purposes and aims inconsistent with the legislation and principles of her great benefactress?

There is something of this, it may be, in the restless craving after every manly distinction which seems to possess the souls of certain "females." We suspect the movement in many of its phases on other grounds. The Christian home is the centre and pivot of Christian society. We do not say that woman is the centre and pivot of the Christian home, for the husband is the head of the household, and the perfect union of husband and wife, father and mother, is the true source and hinge of all Christian social life. Some religious persons are inclined to despair of the men, and make the mother too exclusively the fountain of Christian influences for the child. These good people are unconsciously playing into the enemy's hands, and confirming, as far as they can, the common calumny against their own sex—that the men of the present age have made up their minds to leave religion to women and children. But, though man and woman are alike important in the Christian home, the propagandists of infidelity and social dissolution are in many parts of the world sure enough, as they think, of the man, and are bending their efforts to the corruption of woman. A part of the process of this corruption is the exaggeration of what are called women's rights—the attempt to unwoman woman, and make her another man. We cannot doubt that in this way there is a great deal of possible mischief into which the advocates of "women's rights" may be led. Woman has her place in society, which is not man's place, and society may be corrupted as much by masculine women as by feminine men. It is remarkable also that the movement for the "emancipation" should come at a time when there is a general dissolution of allegiances and a general disrespect for all authority. It comes at a time when children are no longer trained to reverence and obey their parents, when servants no longer tolerate the exercise of authority on the part of their masters, and when the loyalty of the subjects to their sovereign has vanished from so many countries of Christian Europe. It comes at a time when class is arrayed against class, and the old subordination of grades in the social hierarchy is extinct. These are some of the reasons, we suppose, why prudent and cautious Christian souls are somewhat inclined to shrink from the idea of any change in the traditional position of women in society.

It does not, however, follow that there may not be many particular "rights" which have not yet been conceded to women, as they ought to be. There are—for all that we know—hardships in the legal position of women, as to the rights of property and as to the government of their children in case of the death of the fathers which, on Christian and equitable principles, ought to be redressed. Unless we are mistaken, a widow who feels that she is dying can appoint no guardian to her children—and other "disabilities" might be mentioned of the same kind. There are probably many things lingering in our laws as well as in our customs which are the relics of rude and barbarous times. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Church or the Christian religion created everything that can be found in vigour in those ages of European history, which go by the name of Christian or dark ages in the mouths of their admirers or revilers respectively. The Church tolerated a hundred things which she could not prevent, in order to be able to proscribe a hundred other things which were altogether intolerable. There is no reason for supposing that the process of Christian civilization had reached its ultimate perfection at the time of the Reformation, when that process was summarily stopped as far as relates to a great part of Europe, and when an impulse in the downward direction was given to society by the bad principles let loose upon it, and by the calamitous religious wars which made so large a portion of many kingdoms almost a desert, and brought in the truly dark ages and established principles of public policy and administration in which were contained the germs of revolution and even of apostasy. It is by no means certain, then, that there is not a further elevation of woman, in the Christian sense, as to her position in society, still to be looked for, which may be the object of a movement which should enlist the sympathies of all true lovers of the improvement of mankind in its higher sense, and of which movement the semi-infidel and revolutionary attempts at the "emancipation" of woman in the sense of the present day may be a sort of disreputable parody.

Woman has the same nature with man, the same moral instincts, the same intellectual gifts, the same spiritual capacities. When St. Paul says that in Jesus Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, he can no more have meant that man and woman differed in nature than he can have meant that Jews and Greeks, bond men and free men, differed in nature. Christian theology knows no such thing as a difference in nature between the soul of man and the soul of woman. That in human society and in the divine society of the Church, each of which is the institution of God, men and women have different functions, that in the family the woman is the helpmate of man, she to obey and he to rule, and that in the Church there are certain high positions from which women are excluded, does not constitute any inferiority of nature. It must always remain a question, whether in intellectual power woman is really inferior to man, because the issue can never be fairly tried upon a great scale.

The idea of pitting the two sexes against each other, as if they were natural rivals or even enemies, is an absurd idea. The practical idea on this subject is that of giving to each the fullest opportunities of culture, of opening all departments of knowledge and all careers of usefulness to each, so long as woman is allowed to do nothing unwomanly, and man nothing unmanly. We do not know that the most enthusiastic of the advocates of women's rights have as yet, among ourselves at least, claimed for the weaker sex the privilege of bearing arms and fighting for their country. We must go to Dahomey and other such-like centres of civilization for the modern Amazons. Nature and common sense and instinct exclude women from war and all that is contentious in public life. They may be sovereigns and deputy sovereigns, and they may govern states as sagaciously as they have often governed religious communities. But strife, debate, the discussions of the senate and the law courts, they are unfit for; the mingling of the sexes in these scenes of action is impracticable, and no one has ever yet thought of a Chamber of Ladies, or even of a jury of women. Public life is the sphere of men alone. Put aside all that falls under this head, and under the head of "teaching in the Church," to use St. Paul's words, and we see no reason why any other fields on which women may choose to enter should be shut against them. Let them be painters, artists, musicians, sculptors, doctors if they like—surgeons, we suppose, they will hardly wish to be. Let them study logic, metaphysics, the exact sciences, languages, history; let them be even theologians, in the sense in which ordinary Christian laymen may be theologians—that is, in an exact and profound knowledge of their religion, its philosophy, and its evidences. There will probably always be some department of learning and literature in which they will excel, as there are also a number of manual occupations and trades in which they would surpass men if they were but allowed a fair start. Perhaps the rivalry of women in the field of higher education might at the present moment be particularly useful, as it might help the few educators who are still faithful to rational principles on the matter, to resist the overwhelming heresy which places the highest culture in cricket, boating, and athleticism in general.

In all that concerns the great question of education, training, study, and the like, Miss Cusack's book, from which our remarks have wandered so far, will furnish many useful hints to its readers. It is hardly the fault of a writer who seems to have been called upon rather suddenly to deal with a very large and complex question, that her work is somewhat slight and sketchy. Almost every one of her numerous chapters would have afforded matter for a book as large as the whole series, and we have no doubt Miss Cusack could have written it. It is curious that just at the time when there is so much clamour for the admission of women to a number of spheres of action from which they have hitherto been excluded, there should be a counter-clamour about the extraordinary frivolity and emptiness of their education. We have

already taken occasion to speak in defence of our ordinary Catholic education of women, in reply to what we conceive to have been ill-natured and unfair criticism. But it would be no friendly act to Catholic women or to Catholic places of education, to deny that there is great room for improvement. The causes of our deficiencies are not far to seek, and we may hope that they are in the way to be removed. We trust to see the day when a strong and fresh impulse may be given to convent education by some system of mutual cooperation, competition, and examination. There is at present a considerable movement in France in the direction of this sort of union among Catholic educators, and there is no reason why something of the kind should not be extended to England. This, however, must be the work of some time. Over and over again it has to be said, that the last people to recognize their educational wants are those whose educational wants are the most flagrant. The attempt to kindle an enthusiasm for educational improvement, with all the mental exertion and disagreeable labour which it entails, is something like trying to light a coal fire with lucifer matches and paper alone. And we must confess that there are many causes for discouragement to those sincere friends of Christian progress who may have to study the question of female improvement on a large scale.

There is one test of the real state of things, which we may consider all the more certain because it is probably unthought of. We mean the test of dress. If women sincerely wish to put themselves on an intellectual and social equality with men, they cannot really care to spend their time and their thoughts upon matters which are simply external. If they really wish to take their place in the realm of knowledge, intelligence, thought, science, and philosophy, they cannot at the same time care for distinctions which they share with gaily dressed dolls and flowers and birds of beautiful plumage. When a man spends the greater part of his time and money on horses or dogs, or on blue china, or on gastronomic rarities, we know how to measure him. Where his treasure goes, there are his heart and his mind. The end of his being, as he conceives it, is to win the Derby, or to be the best mounted man in Leicestershire, or to be the most successful shot of the day, or to outbid everyone else at a sale at Christie and Manson's, or to keep the best cook and have the best wines in London. This is his aim and end, not intellectual excellence, not scientific knowledge, not political success. As long as ladies tell us, by the costliness of their toilets, and by the care and thought which they bestow upon every detail of that mysterious matter over which M. Worth reigns supreme—we might add, unfortunately, by the extreme length which they are ready to go in a direction which can hardly be called that of the Christian modesty and decency inculcated by St. Paul—as long as these indications, and numberless others of the same sort, inform us that the ambition of the female mind is mainly bent on pleasing the eyes of man by personal appearance and all that can enhance its

attractiveness, we shall have good reason to think that women will certainly fail in the race for intellectual distinction and true social power, for the very fair and sufficient reason that their minds and hearts are set on very different aims. There are two kinds of barbarism in the world, the barbarism of savage life, and the barbarism of civilized life which has no object but material pleasure, no standard but that of the five senses, and which brings all the resources of wealth and intelligence that lie within its reach to satisfy this standard. The first kind of barbarism is to be found in the wilds of Africa, or among the dwindling Aborigines of the Australian continent. The second, and far more repulsive barbarism, may be seen in full bloom in St. James' Palace on the day of her Majesty's Drawing Rooms, in the House of Lords at the opening of Parliament, and in a score of ball-rooms at the same moment any night of the London season. If some cynical hater of women has by any chance been alarmed for the supremacy of the stronger sex, by all that has of late been said or written on the subject of woman's rights, half an hour spent in any of the places which we have named ought to be quite enough to comfort him. He might as well fear that the sceptre of the globe was about to pass into the possession of the birds of Paradise, who "prank" and vaunt their beauties so amusingly in the forests of the Eastern Archipelago, as that the management of human affairs is at all likely to be handed over to a set of beings with immortal souls and minds capable of the highest thoughts, who make it their chief aim to be, after all, very poor imitations indeed of the birds of Paradise. When there is a large and sweeping reform carried out by women themselves in such matters as dressing, dancing, and the like, we may begin to hope for some such serious improvement in their social position as may put them more on a level with those of whom they now make themselves the willing slaves and playthings.

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6. *The Life of St. Edmund of Canterbury*, from the French. By G. White. With a Preface by Mgr. Patterson. Washbourne, 1874.
  7. *Manual of Progress* for the use of the Pilgrims to Pontigny. September 1, 1874. Burns and Oates.

These two little publications owe their existence to the English pilgrimage to Pontigny, which is just now about to start. Mr. White's *Life*, or rather the French *Life* which he has translated, is short, without being deficient in fulness; just the sort of book to be taken as a hand-book for the pilgrimage, were it not that that name seems to belong of right to the other little volume on our list, which contains a very good selection of prayers and hymns, as well as the order of the day during the pilgrimage. We are delighted to see St. Edmund's famous prayer to our Blessed Lady and St. John made more accessible than it has hitherto been. We have a small fault to find either with Mr. White or his printer. We fear they are by no means singular in their attempt to clip

the Queen's English by spelling such words as honour, favour, labour, without the last vowel. We shall have our pilgrims called "travelers" next, and a number of other Americanisms introduced. It may be difficult to give a philosophical reason for all our common English spelling, but such as it is, it ought to be stuck to, and innovations put down. Mr. Washbourne, we observe, has not yet Americanized his own name.

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8. *Sacrum Septenarium.* The Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost as exemplified in the Life and Person of the Blessed Virgin, &c. By the Rev. H. Formby. Burns and Oates, 1874.

This book is made up of nine discourses, two of which are preliminary, the remaining seven treat of the Seven Gifts in a theological and practical manner. The discourses contain a good deal of learning, and are written with all the power which characterizes Mr. Formby.

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## II.—OLD ENGLISH DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

### *A Catalogue of Shrines, Offerings, Bequests, &c.*

#### PART I.—(ABINGDON—CAMBRIDGE).

##### ABINGDON.

In 675 Cyssa founded here a church in honour of our Blessed Ladye, and a monastery for twelve Benedictine monks. It became richly endowed, for our Anglo-Saxon forefathers dearly loved—to use their own affectionate form of language—"to make God and our Ladye their heirs." And the charters of donations in land were not sent by a messenger, but the pious donor would go to the church attended by his friends and relations, all of whom had approved of, or concurred in, the donation, and reverently lay the deeds upon the altar of our Lady. Thus Lullan, a noble Saxon, who had received a gift of the vil of Estun from Brithric, King of Wessex, 784—800, desired to make God his heir, and gave Estun to Him and our Ladye, and laid the charter upon the altar, saying, "Al mine richte that ic hædde in Estun ic gife to Sæinte Marie in Abbedun."

St. Eadward the Martyr and St. Dunstan ordained that it should be lawful for the people to make pilgrimages for the sake of devotion to the church of our Ladye of Abingdon.

**AILMERTON, NORFOLK.** Here was a light of our Blessed Ladye.

**ALDBURGH, NORFOLK.** Here was a celebrated image of our Blessed Ladye in the church.



ASHBY DE LA ZOUCH. 1503, November 22. Katharine Lady Hastings desires by her will to be buried in the Ladye Chapel of Ashby de la Zouch, between the image of our Ladye and the place assigned for the vicar's grave.

ASHFORD.

Thomas Wilmott, perpetual vicar of the parish church of Ashford, in his will dated April 25, 1493, says :

"I will that the image of St. Marye now standing in my study be placed at my expense in the said chapel of St. Nicholas."

ASHILL, NORFOLK.

Here was a statue of our Ladye of Pity.

In 1458, 17 May, Jeffrey Coo was buried before the altar of St. John the Baptist here. He gave legacies to all the gilds, and 5 lbs. of wax to our Lady of Pitie's light.

*Note.*—Prior to the Reformation nearly every church in England had one or more gilds, each with their own chapel and chaplain. Some of these gilds were for the especial purpose of keeping up our Ladye's light. Some churches had the married men's light and the single men's light. In Norfolk alone there existed nine hundred and nine gilds, of which one hundred and seventy-eight were gilds of our Blessed Ladye. These were for the most part suppressed by the Act of Henry VIII. which his successor put into execution.

ASTON, BUCKS.

By his will, October 28, 1490, Sir Gilbert Stapylton leaves :

"to the Abbess of Aston Church, in Buckingham, a girdle of silver gilt, to hang at an image of our Ladye in the said church."

BANHAM, NORFOLK.

In 1437, John Ropere, of Banham, gave 12s. to the lamp that burns before the image of the Blessed Virgin in the church.

BARKING.

This convent was founded by Erconwald, Bishop of London, in honour of our Blessed Ladye. The charter of foundation is dated 677.

Here was the chapel of our Ladye de Salve, called also La Chapele de Salve, and the chapel of Nostre Dame de Salve en larche.

Amongst the burials are named,

Dame Yolente de Sutton ge gist deuant lauter  
Nostre Dame de Salve.

Dame Katharine Sutton gist en la chapele  
de Nostre Dame de Salve en larche.

There was a "Gylde or Fraternite in the Wor-  
schipp of our Ladye (St. Marye atte Naxe) in  
the chapell of our Ladye in the cemetorie of  
Berkyng Church of London," which is mentioned  
in an Act of the 1st Henry VII.; and John Earl  
of Worcester is described as being the late master  
thereof.

Many oblations were made to our Ladye of  
Barking.

In the household accounts of Elizabeth of  
York, March 24, 1502—

Offering to our Lady of Berking. *is. vi d.*  
February 26, 1503.

"To Sir William Barton, preest, singing at  
our Ladye of Berking. *vii l. vi s. viij d.* And on  
the 25th July, 1508, the Duke of Buckingham  
made "oblation to our Ladye of Barking. *20 d.*"

BECCLES, SUFFOLK.

Here was a chapel of our Ladye, with an  
anchorite, at the foot of the bridge.

In 1374, Reginald de Ikelyngham leaves  
*xi d.* to the altar of our Lady in the Church of  
St. Michael.

BEESTON, NEAR THE  
SEA, NORFOLK.

Many legacies were given to our Ladye of  
Grace, and our Ladye of Pitie.

BOSTON.

Our Lady in the Church of St. Botolph.

Here was the pardon of the *Scala Cæli* at  
Rome, a privilege which existed in England only  
in the chapel of our Ladye of the *Scala Cœli*, in  
the church of the Austin Friars at Norwich, and  
the chapel of the same name at Westminster.

BOURNE.

May 9, 1462. William Haute, esquire, desires  
to be buried in the Austin Friars, Canterbury.  
In his will he says—

"I bequeath one piece of that stone on which  
the Archangel Gabriel descended when he saluted  
the Blessed Virgin Mary to the image of the  
Blessed Virgin Mary in the church of Bourne, the  
same to stand under the foot of the same image."

BOULOGNE.

Henry VIII. made several offerings to our  
Ladye of Boulogne.

BRADLEY,  
CO. LEICESTER.

Sir John Skevington, alderman of London, and merchant of the Staple of Calais, by his will leaves

"To our Ladye of Bradley in Leicestershire a white damask vestment with my arms on the cross, worth 53*s.* 4*d.*

BRADSTOW,  
KENT.

Our Ladye of Bradstow at Broadstairs. Here was a much venerated image of our Ladye; and according to very old traditions ships sailing past used to salute her by lowering or "dipping" their topsails.

BRIGHTSTOW ON  
AVON.

Leland enumerates "Our Ladye Chapell on Avon Bridge."

BRISTOL.

1. Our Ladye in the Monastery of St. Austin's. April 6, 1508. The Duke of Buckingham made an "oblation in the Monastery of St. Austin's, Bristow, to our Lady in one crusady. 4*s.* 6*d.*"

2. Our Ladye of Belhouse.

In January, 1521, the Duke of Buckingham gave to our Ladye of Belhouse 4 *s.* *d.*

BUCKINGHAM,  
NORFOLK.

1429. Peter Payne of Barham left to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin at Thetford 6*s.* 8*d.*, and to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin at Buckyngham 13 *s.* 4 *d.*

BURGHAM,  
CO. WESTMORELAND.

Leland says :

"There is an old castel on the . . . side of Edon Water cawled Burgh. About a dim from the castel is a village cawled Burgham, and ther is a gret pilgrimage to our Ladye."

CALAIS.

In the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VIII. is this entry :

"1532, November 12. Item. Paied to my lorde Chamberlayne for the King's offering at our Ladye in the wall at Calais, v*s.*"

"1520, June. Offering at our Ladye at St. Peter's Church at the King's coming from, 6*s.* 8*d.*"

CAMEERWELL,  
SURREY.

Richard Skynner, in his will dated 1492, gives 12*d.* for a light before the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

CAMBRIDGE.

There was a much venerated image in the church of the Black friars, which formerly stood on the spot now occupied by Emmanuel College.

Concerning it, John Bishop of Rochester, wrote to Cromwell that "there hath of long time been an image of our Ladye in the said house of friars, the which hath much pilgrimage unto her, and specially at Sturbridge fair; and for as much as that time draweth near, and also that the said prior cannot bear such idolatry as hath been used to the same, his humble request is that he may have commandment by your lordship to take away the said image from the people's sight."

The Atlas Marianus enumerates our Ladye of Cambridge, described as *Imago B. V. miraculosa Liberatrix*, and quotes a story from a MS. in the Vatican, about a young student named William *Vidius* (query, White?). It may be summed up briefly as follows—

A young student by name William Vidius, led an irregular life, but never laid aside his devotions to our Ladye, and was accustomed daily to honour her, by reciting before her image certain prayers. He had a comrade, James by name, who shared his room, and one night as they slept, James was awakened by the groans of his companion, who, he observed, was trembling and covered with sweat, as though he was suffering from great terror. With some difficulty James succeeded in awakening him. "Well is it for me," exclaimed William, "that I have been used to honour the image of the Blessed Virgin, for otherwise I should have perished eternally. For this night I have stood before Christ the Judge, who required of me a strict account of my life. The enemy was about to seize my soul, when I beheld the Blessed Mother of God, and, according to my custom invoking her aid, she put the demon to flight, and obtained for me a further respite."

William might have thought that it was a mere dream, if he had not found in his hand a paper in writing unknown to him, which contained all the crimes of his life, and many things known to himself alone. The next day he went and threw himself at the feet of his spiritual father, and made a full confession, and thenceforth reformed his manner of life. His friend James subsequently became a priest.

E. W.







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